

The AMERICAN GIRL

May
1952 25¢





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by MARJORIE VETTER

The Young Marchesa. By SHEILA DAVIES. Dodd, Mead and Company, \$2.75. "You are the head of the family, now, the head of the house of Reda!" Sixteen-year-old Francesca, Marchesa de Reda, heard these words with a numb, sick feeling. She had returned to take over her position and duties on her beloved Malta, over which her father had ruled with such wisdom and kindness, to find the French in possession of parts of the island, the rest ravaged by war, starvation, and pestilence. Most dismaying of all, she was conscious of danger, intrigue, and treachery in her own household and among her own family. The Marchesa was daring, resourceful, and determined to save herself and her people. She was to have need of all her wit and courage in the perilous events that followed fast on her return. Her allies were few, but help came sometimes from unexpected quarters—from her faithful maid, Manuela; her pet monkey; a hardy seaman; an old retainer; and a dashing young English midshipman. This is a colorful, fast-moving, Rafael Sabatini-type novel of suspense, intrigue, bloodshed, imprisonment—centering about a young girl on the island of Malta at the close of the eighteenth century.

Only Child. By MARGUERITE DICKSON. Longmans, Green and Company, \$2.50. The mother of the Latimer boys, Red and Stan, called Gwen Flint a typical only child, though not a spoiled one. We leave it to you to judge about that. Certainly Gwen had a big adjustment to make when her father's orphaned nieces, Flip (Gwen's age) and Rozzie (three or four years younger), came to make their home with the Flints. Gwen could easily accept friendly, amusing Rozzie as a sister, even when she unwittingly usurped Red Latimer, who had been Gwen's stand-by for dates. But Flip was a different story. Supersensitive about her dependent state, Flip had a chip on her shoulder and could neither accept nor make friendly overtures. She was not only beautiful, attracting the attention of the hitherto girl-shy Stan Latimer of whom Gwen had dreamed, but she was also a paragon of poise and competence. There was nothing independent, self-assured Flip could not do well, and she rarely did anything wrong. A girl would not need to be an only child, or spoiled, to find it difficult to take Flip to heart as a sister. But with what seems far more than average courage and good sense, Gwen stood up to a thoroughly difficult situation, finding comfort in an absorbing interest through which came not only eventual understanding with Flip and the friendship of a congenial boy, but also an idea for a career. Today's young people

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

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Warning to girls who BUY lunch, and how to steer clear of danger.
How to keep family dinners from ruining your figure.
How to eat at a party.

YOUR SKIN

What to do about spotty skin.
How to get rid of pimples, blackheads and hickies.
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How to get sheen and gloss into your hair.
How to get rid of dandruff.
Brushing your hair the way models do.
Shampooing your hair.
How to set your hair.
How to choose your most flattering hair style.
How to be known as a girl with beautiful hair.

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Little tricks that keep makeup from looking obvious.
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How to photograph well.

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Your best insurance against being pushed out of the social swim.
Tips on bathing and use of deodorants.
"How nice you smell."
To shave legs and underarms, or not to shave.
Do teens need a girlie?
Should a teen wear a bra?
Suggestions on stockings, underwear, accessories.

YOUR CLOTHES

How the eye can be fooled.
When to choose clothes with wrap-around lines, slim lines, pleated lines, gored lines, diagonal lines, or radiating lines.
What colors are becoming if you are brunette, blonde, redhead, or in-between.
How clothes should be related with skin color.
Picking clothes to suit your personality.
Clothes that mix and match.
How not to be "out-dated."

MONEY

How to raise the cash for an extra formal or a frout blouse.
How to get a steady income.
Part-time jobs.
Baby-sitting.
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Raising money for others.
How to handle your allowance.
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How to keep from folding up when the social whirl slows to a standstill.
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enjoy Mrs. Dickson's books because they recognize the characterizations, dialogue, and situations as real and true to life. Don't think that there is meaning in this one for the only child alone. Learning to make a constructive best of it when you can't have everything just as you would like it; finding out how to get along with your family and others without bickering, envy, or jealousy; discovering your own particular interest; all these are themes that should have significance for all girls.

Double Date. By ROSAMOND DU JARDIN. J. B. Lippincott Company, \$2.50. The Howard twins, Penny and Pam, looked alike, but Pam was vivacious and popular, while Penny was serious and shy—trailing after her sister, yearning to be as much like her as possible, accepting the dates Pam wangled for her. When they moved to Glenhurst where their youthful, attractive mother opened an interior-decorating shop, Pam immediately made friends with the leaders of the high school crowd. Penny was strongly attracted to one of the boys who had succumbed to Pam's charms, but she knew she could never compete with her sister for a boy's interest. Gradually Penny gave up trying to copy Pam and discovered that she was much happier when she stood on her own feet. She joined the staff of the school paper, began to develop her own personality, and slowly formed her own circle of friends. Then recognition beyond her wildest dreams came to Penny, and the relationship between the sisters became a deeper, more satisfactory one, of mutual respect. You don't have to have a twin sister to find kinship with Penny. Shy, uncertain girls will gain valuable tips from her story. During the six months that one third of the book was being serialized in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, almost every one of the hundreds of letters from our readers raved ecstatically, deliriously, about the story. Penny and Pam seemed so real, many girls thought they actually existed. Those who missed all or part of the serial and those who couldn't bear to reach "The End" will now have an opportunity to read the book.

The Lark on the Wing. By ELFRIDA VIVONT. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, \$2.50. When Kit Haverard graduated from Heryot, the famous Quaker school for girls in England, she knew at last that she wanted to make a career of singing. Her bossy cousin Laura, who had brought up the motherless Haverards, thought Kit had no talent and suggested she take a business course to prepare her to be her father's secretary. Kit followed Laura's wishes but she held on to her music, studying and practicing by herself. Almost before her life as her father's secretary began it was ended, and Kit found herself entirely on her own, sharing a flat in London with her two best friends, working as a shorthand typist in the Friends' International Service office and studying with her old friend, Papa Andreas, the best voice teacher in the city. Kit made new friends and enjoyed her work, both at the office and with Papa Andreas, even if she wasn't permitted to sing a note in public and seemed to progress so slowly. It was Terry, the young singer rapidly gaining recognition, whose faith in Kit's lovely voice kept her own belief in herself strong through heartache and disappointment. Against the background of English town and country life among a large family of prominent Eng-



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lish Quakers, the story of Kit's love of music and her slowly developing emotional and artistic maturity is told with vividness and charm. Many of you will remember the earlier book about Kit, "The Lark in the Morn," which won the Carnegie Medal in England for the best juvenile book of 1950.

Amarantha Gay, M.D. By EMMA GELDERS STERNE. Dodd, Mead and Company, \$2.50. From the hills of Alabama to the hills of Northampton, Massachusetts, a thousand miles and eleven railway changes away, came pretty Amarantha Gay in 1876 to teach science in the college on the hill. Though Manthy loved Chris Thomas, who wanted to make her his wife, she felt a stronger urge to go out into the world to test her own capacity before she settled down to marriage. Her experiences at one of the first colleges to be founded for women may startle you when you consider that her story took place only a scant seventy-five years ago. Manthy found that it was not alone masculine prejudice against which the woman who dared to train for a career must struggle, but the strong sense of propriety of her own sex as well. But the really heart-breaking thing was the universal belief that for a woman to choose a profession meant giving up all hope of marriage. How Manthy and Chris solved their problem makes an appealing climax to a good story of the days when college, professions, and personal independence were novelties for women.

The Right Job for Judith. By ENID JOHNSON. Julian Messner, Inc., \$2.50. You call it a "one-track mind," the fierce concentration on a single goal that made singing the only thing in life for Judith Hale. Ever since the "rave" notices about her voice appeared in the local papers, Judith had dreamed of enchanting audiences at the Metropolitan with her singing. She was willing to work hard; in fact, she was willing to sacrifice everything else in life—education, friends, dates, parties, fun—to the fulfillment of her great ambition. When her mother insisted on college, Judith compromised on Barnard in New York City where she could study with the maestro so highly recommended by her home-town teacher. To help pay for the extra expense of her singing lessons, she reluctantly agreed to live in the settlement house run by a friend of her mother's and work for her board. Though she made no friends and gave only token attention to her college courses and the work of the settlement house, she couldn't quite erase the memory of the kind boy with the crooked smile who played for her on one awful day when she sharpened so badly in an audition. For a long time she struggled valiantly against the bitter realization that the maestro was really a charlatan who preyed on talented young people and that she would never be a great singer. When finally she had the courage to face this fact and to find happiness in a less glamorous use of her singing talent, she had learned also to think differently about many things, including love, college, friends, and the settlement house. Whether you know exactly what you want to do when you get out of high school or you settle for one career today and another tomorrow, you will find this novel of a girl who had the courage and good sense to give up a futile dream of greatness and to adjust to a well-rounded life within the scope of her talent, extremely pertinent and interesting. THE END

The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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MAY COVER GIRL



Brenda Gahan, our May cover girl, wears a truly exciting party dress of permanent-finished, embroidered pima organdy. A Betty Lane creation, it has a halter shoulder-line with a high, stand-up collar and a very full skirt. Brenda is particularly pleased that the bare back is cut high enough to cover a strapless bra. When worn with the separate shrug jacket, the dress is informal enough for afternoon parties or supper dances. Without the jacket, it's perfect for proms and other gala occasions. Teen sizes 10-16 in white, blue, maize, or pink with white embroidery, it's about \$25 at the stores listed on page 56. Tender Pink lipstick and nail polish by Helena Rubinstein. Bracelet by Richelieu.

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NUMBER 5



THE AMERICAN GIRL

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THE WIND BLOWS FREE



by LOULA GRACE ERDMAN

Dennis carried the sleeping Carolyn and the girls followed

PART ONE

MELINDA PIERCE sat on the green-plush seat of the railroad coach, listening to the mocking song of the wheels. All the way up from East Texas they had been saying the same thing: "Going away, going away, *going away*." And sometimes they added: "Poor Melinda, poor Melinda, poor, *poor* Melinda."

Katie, her eight-year-old sister, sat beside her; and across the aisle were Mama and Carolyn, who was four. They rode facing the eleven-year-old twins, Bert and Dick. Dick, named Richard after Papa, was dark like Mama, while Bert, named Robert for Grandfather, was redheaded. But they thought alike, and even their squabbles were usually caused because they both wanted the same thing at the same time.

Papa was waiting for them in Amarillo, where he had gone in the emigrant car with the household goods and the stock, to their new home, a claim on the Texas Panhandle. The railroads, co-operating with the land companies opening up new land for settlement, offered this service to emigrant families. Melinda thought it strange to ship stock and household goods and sometimes people, all in the same car.

The boys were excited about cowboys and Indians. To them, the West spelled adventure, but Melinda's heart had remained behind in the loveliness of East Texas. There, already, though it was only March, the bluebonnets were a wash of beauty across the hills, and the trees and grass were lush and lovely. Back there, too, were all her friends—plump Mary Elizabeth, blond Jennie Sue, Martha, all the girls.

Beginning the Dodd-Mead-American Girl serial story of a pioneer family in Texas

"Oh, Melinda," they had wept, as they told her good-by, "it's so awfully far to the Texas Panhandle. We'll probably never see you again! In a little over a year we'll be sixteen and ready for the academy. Oh, Melinda, you just can't go clear across the State!"

But here she was on her way now. The train was slipping along, each turn of the wheels carrying her farther away from all her friends. The country unrolled ahead of them the way Papa used to unroll a carpet for a customer in his store, back in the bustling little city of Lewisville in East Texas. Here was nothing but empty land, no matter which way you looked. No trees, no houses, just land.

"Look, M'linda." Katie nudged her.

"Where? Where?" the boys cried out. Melinda didn't know what the animals were, but she did not like to admit it. After all, she was almost fifteen.

"Antelope," Mama said briefly.

By now the train was passing a herd of cattle headed in the same direction, driven by men who wore brownish pants, blue shirts, and big black hats and boots. They sat their horses as if they had grown there.

"Cowboys!" the twins yelled. "Will there be lots of cowboys close to our claim?" Dick asked.

"I expect so," Mama answered. "Papa says we aren't too far from a big ranch, you remember."

Of course they remembered. They had

Papa had shown them where the claim was on the map.

"Isn't that awfully far?" Melinda asked. "About seven hundred miles due west," he answered.

Grandmother had stiffened. "You'll be miles from any school, Katherine," she had said to Mama. "Are you going to let your children grow up in ignorance?"

"I'll teach them myself," Mama said. "I taught before I married."

"You taught primary," Grandmother reminded her. "Do you think you can teach Melinda what *she* needs to know?" As Mama hesitated, Grandmother went on. "You teach her all you can, Katherine, and the fall she's sixteen, a year from this August, let Melinda come back to me so

Illustration by William Timmins



The child's eyes were full of wonder, and her yellow curls were soft around her little face. Melinda, whose face was thin and whose skin was olive, had smooth, dark hair. Often, as she combed and braided it into pigtails, she wished she had hair like Katie's. "What *are* those things?" Katie asked.

She was pointing toward some animals running fleetly at a distance from the tracks. Their heads were high; their small, pointed horns stood straight up in the air.

talked of nothing else since Papa had come back from filing the claim. Melinda felt it would take more than cowboys to make up for leaving her friends and the white house in which she had been born. She could not bear to think about leaving Grandmother, who lived next door and had spoiled her namesake and oldest granddaughter. But after the disastrous fire which had reduced Papa's uninsured store and all its stock to a charred heap of ashes, there seemed no other choice.

I can send her to the academy and make a lady out of her."

"Oh, Grandmother!" Melinda sighed gratefully. The girls in Lewisville couldn't wait to grow up and go to the Lewisville Academy for Young Females. Mama herself had gone there. Melinda felt she could stand going off into the Panhandle if only she had the hope of coming back to the academy. In the end, Mama and Papa had promised she could return. But now Papa's words echoed in her mind.

"Seven hundred miles!" A world away.

The conductor came through the car. "Just a few minutes more and we'll be in," he said.

"Boys," Mama said, "go wash your hands and comb your hair. Melinda, you make yourself neat and look after Katie." She smoothed Carolyn's hair and tied her bonnet strings neatly. Then she set her own hat straight and pulled on her gloves.

"Amarillo!" the conductor called. "Next stop, Amarillo!"

The Pierce family stood forlornly on the platform while the train pulled off, cutting a smooth clean path through the landscape, tooting mournfully as it left. What had happened? Where was Papa?

The sky arched blue above them, bright and new-washed. Strangely enough, at the same time it seemed both near and far away. The sun was warm, yet the air had a touch of brisk coolness, too. The wind was blowing. It caught at Mama's skirts; it tugged at Melinda's hat; it blew Katie's curls. For a while it sounded as if it were mocking Mama and the Pierce children who had come to a strange land and had no one to meet them. Then it began to wail, as if in sympathy with them.

Papa stepped down from the wagon.
"Well," he said, "we're home"

"Where's Papa?" Carolyn whimpered.

"He'll be here in a minute," Mama promised. "See all those cattle over there."

Across the tracks were pens where men were herding cattle, prodding them with long sticks. The town, such as it was, lay on the other side of the tracks. A few stores, a few houses, set in low levelness. There were no trees. The buildings looked lost in space.

Then a man crossed the street and came up on the platform where they stood. "Howdy, ma'am," he said, taking off his hat. "Are you Mrs. Pierce?"

"Yes," replied Mama, "I am."

"Well, your husband sent word he'd be along in a little while. He's been delayed. He had to ride for the doctor for some neighbor folks. But he sent word by the stage driver he'd be here by six for sure."

Word that Papa was all right and would soon be with them made everyone feel better at once.

"Now, if you'll all just follow me," the man went on, "I'll take you over to Mrs. Harrigan's boardinghouse." He pointed to a one-story building just across the street. Then he picked up Mama's valise, and with his free hand reached for Caro-

lyn. "Come along, sis," he grinned.

Bert and Dick immediately lined up on each side of him. Mama, Melinda, and Katie followed. He crossed the street and entered the house without knocking. A plump, kindly woman came to meet them. "You come right in," she invited hospitably. "You're the Pierces. Soon as the stage driver told me the fix you were in, I got a room ready for you."

They followed her down a long narrow hall, but just before they reached the door of their room the cowboy called after them. "Ma'am, if you'd like me to take these two boys off your hands awhile, I'd be glad to oblige."

"Oh, Mama!" the twins cried in a single pleading voice.

"Nick will take good care of them," Mrs. Harrigan assured Mama, and the boys rushed off down the hall.

Melinda went to the window. Across all those miles of empty land, in a direction which she could only guess, was their new home. Mama lay down on the bed to rest. Over in a corner Carolyn was dressing and undressing her doll. Katie was cutting paper dolls out of a newspaper Mrs. Harrigan had given her.

"March third, eighteen ninety-three," Katie read. "That's today, isn't it, Melinda?"

"Uh-huh," Melinda agreed. She turned from the window restlessly. Mama had asked her to keep an eye on Carolyn, but with the baby so contentedly occupied, that was no real job. Melinda went quietly to Mama's valise, found a pencil and some paper. She would write a letter.

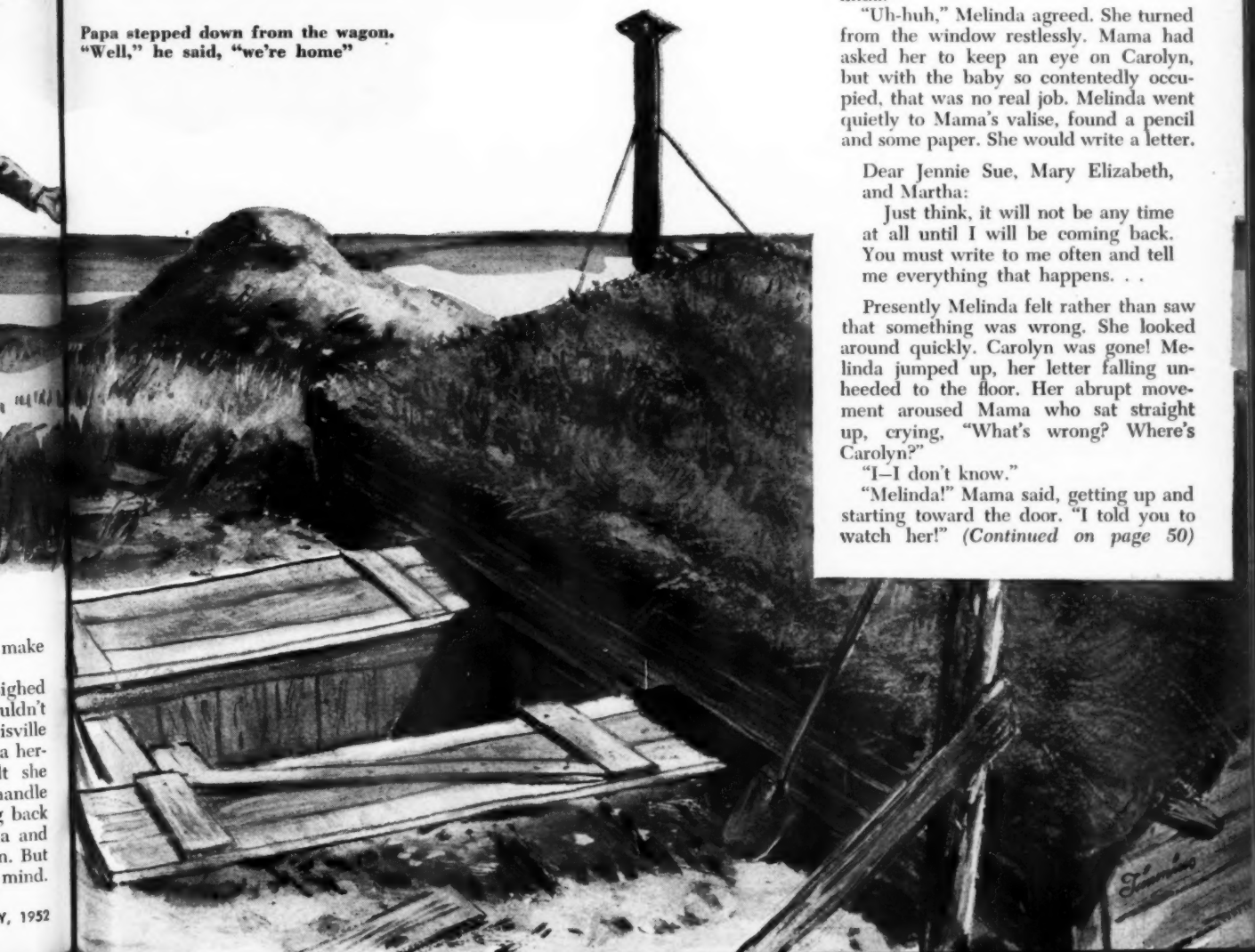
Dear Jennie Sue, Mary Elizabeth, and Martha:

Just think, it will not be any time at all until I will be coming back. You must write to me often and tell me everything that happens. . .

Presently Melinda felt rather than saw that something was wrong. She looked around quickly. Carolyn was gone! Melinda jumped up, her letter falling unheeded to the floor. Her abrupt movement aroused Mama who sat straight up, crying, "What's wrong? Where's Carolyn?"

"I-I don't know."

"Melinda!" Mama said, getting up and starting toward the door. "I told you to watch her!" (Continued on page 50)



DOUBTFUL DOG



By ELEANOR HAMMOND

Drawings by Diana Thorne

Everybody admired Gail's dog enthusiastically. He was a handsome animal and very well-behaved. The question was: Did he really belong to her?

GAIL WARREN flew up the front steps two at a time. She exploded into the sunny kitchen where her mother was slicing apples into a pie plate.

"Is Tyke here? Did Miss Bascom bring him?"

Mrs. Warren smiled at the excited face under the mop of unruly dark hair.

"He's here. I put him in the basement," she told her daughter. "He seemed so restless."

Gail didn't wait to hear more. She was already clattering down the basement stairs.

"Tyke! Tykie darling, where are you?"

A three-year-old wire-haired terrier bounded out of the shadows of the coal bin, whining. He leaped on Gail, wagging and licking, recognizing a friend.

It was some minutes before Gail noticed the result on her school dress.

"Good night, Tykie! You've made a mess of this skirt. I ought to have put on my jeans, I guess—"

But the coal dust decorating her clothing was a small matter in comparison to the joyful fact that Tyke—Carnation Terence Live-wire on his imposing pedigree papers—was here. Was *hers*.

Gail, her dark eyes big and bright with excited happiness, lifted the sturdy little black-and-white dog in her arms.

Her dress would have to be cleaned anyhow.

"We can't keep Tyke shut in that dirty cold basement," she told her mother later. "He's lonely down there all by himself. It's cruelty to animals."

"I don't mind having the dog in the house—if he'll behave himself," Mrs.

Warren said mildly. "He's your dog, darling. It's up to you to train him."

Gail nodded solemnly. "Okay, Mom. I'll see that he behaves."

Tyke's idea of behavior at the moment seemed to be to investigate each nook and corner of every room, whining nervously. Finally he began to scratch at the back door.

"He wants to go out," Gail said. "I'll take him for a walk on his leash."

Tyke tugged and bounded on the end of the leather strap until Gail's wiry young arm ached.

"Whew!" Gail gasped. "I'd like to let you run by yourself, Tykie, but you might be run over." Traffic was heavy even on the quieter streets near the Warrens' home. I *can't* let you get run over."

Gail reflected that shortly—very shortly she hoped—Tyke would be trained to walk "at heel." She had read several books on the care and training of dogs—a truly fascinating subject—and she was resolved that Tyke should be a model of canine deportment.

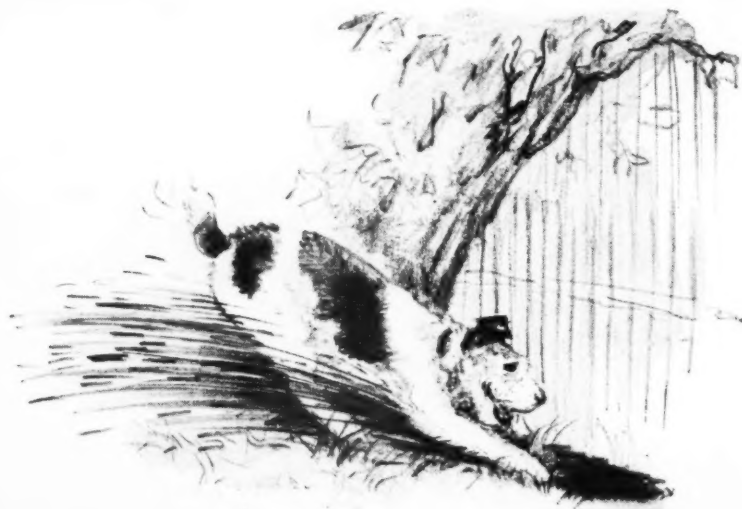
"I'm afraid Miss Bascom didn't have time to do much about your education, Tyke," Gail told her newly acquired pet. "But you're so smart it shouldn't take long."

Tyke struggled around the corner, dragging Gail behind him. For a rather small animal he had amazing strength and determination.

"Hey, that's not the way we're going!" Gail told him.

But Tyke thought otherwise, and Tyke was the more determined character. Presently Gail found herself in front of the Avenue Bookshop, a mile from her home.

"So that was it!" Gail looked at the terrier with a troubled frown. "You wanted to get back to Miss Bascom." It was a disquieting thought. It had not occurred to Gail that Tyke might not be perfectly satisfied to transfer his affections to her; that he might prefer to go

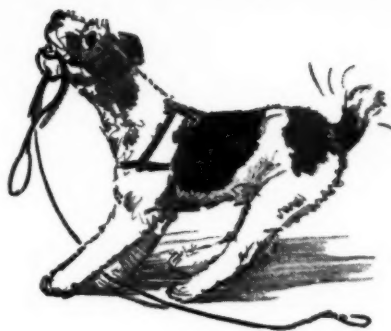


on living with the mistress he had known since puppyhood.

Gail's heart sank. "I guess I'm pretty dumb," she told herself. "Of course, you think you still belong to Miss Bascom," she said to the little dog. "You don't understand about her giving you to me."

Gail found that a little hard to understand herself. How *could* the lady who had managed the Avenue Bookshop have parted with Tyke? He was the cutest, smartest—just the most delightful dog in the city, that was all!

"I guess I love you more than Miss



Gail drew a long breath. "We'll go into the bookshop, Tykie," she said, opening the door at which Tyke had been scratching anxiously. "Then you'll see Miss Bascom isn't there anymore."

The new owner of the shop looked up at the girl and dog with a pleasant inquiry.

"I—I just wanted to let Tyke see that his mistress—Miss Bascom who used to own him—isn't here now," Gail explained shyly.

"Oh, yes." The new manager nodded. "That's the little dog that belonged to Miss Bascom, isn't it? I remember seeing him here with her."

"He came to work with Miss Bascom every day. I used to buy my schoolbooks here and borrow books from the library," Gail continued. "I'm crazy about dogs—especially about Tyke. Miss Bascom used to let me take him out for walks.

So when she went away she gave Tyke to me."

Tyke was nosing anxiously about the little shop, whining in a worried way.

"Miss Bascom isn't here. She won't be here any more. Come on home with me, Tykie," Gail urged him.

Tyke walked quietly on the way back home, not pulling and jerking on the leash now, letting Gail guide him where she wanted to go.

"I think he understands now about Miss Bascom not being at the shop," Gail told her parents at dinnertime. "But I wish he didn't look so unhappy."

"He's bound to be a little homesick at first," Gail's father comforted her. "He'll soon get over it."

"I'll take his basket up to my room and let him sleep next to me," Gail said. "Then if he starts to cry in the night I can comfort him."

"Well, maybe, but just for tonight." Mrs. Warren's voice was grudging. "I really think a dog's place is in the basement."

"Oh, Mom!" Gail's exclamation was a wail of anguish. "He'll *never* get to like it here if we keep him in that horrid basement."

Gail carried the wicker dog basket to her room, and Tyke followed her upstairs docilely enough after his bedtime airing. But he did not settle down. Even when Gail tried to coax him to sleep on the foot of her own bed, he remained restless.

"Well, you'll just have to find the place you do want to sleep, Tykie darling," Gail told him wearily at last. "Only I'm sure Mom isn't going to approve if you pick the new davenport."

She fell into troubled slumber, haunted by dreams of Tyke's being banished to the basement if her mother found his wiry hairs on the velour cushions.

Tyke was not on the davenport when Gail hurried downstairs at dawn. He was crouched just inside the front door. Several regrettable scratches on the varnish showed that his paws had been busy trying to open the door.

"Tykie!" Gail wailed. "How could you! Don't you know that Mother won't let you stay with me if you scratch up the house?"

She hastened to fetch the furniture polish and rubbed desperately at the ugly marks. Then she dashed upstairs to dress and take Tyke out for a before-breakfast airing.

"I'll fix the (Continued on page 42)

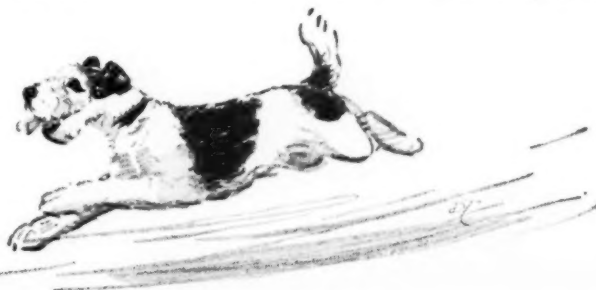


Bascom does, Tykie," Gail told the dog. "I wouldn't have given you away—not for half a dozen sick sisters who don't like dogs."

Miss Bascom *had* given Tyke away, all the same. She had given him to Gail. She had also given up her bookshop in order to go to another city to nurse an ailing older sister.

"You're the one person I know who I'm sure will take care of Tyke and love him the way I do," Miss Bascom had told Gail. Miss Bascom had looked rather snuffly as she said it and had kept stroking the terrier's head. And Tyke had licked his mistress's hand and looked up at her with puzzled and adoring eyes.

Tyke hadn't understood the arrangement. Tyke was smart, but he was only a little dog.



Teen-Ager... Italian Style

by JOY DEWEESE-WEHEN

Photos by the Author

Let's visit with friendly, dark-eyed Gabrielle Baldini who lives in Florence, one of her country's loveliest cities



The stone lion behind Gabrielle is typical of Italy's fine art



Shopping for Italian chestnuts in the open-air market is fun



Gabrielle loves the cool, quiet Chiesa Santa Croce cloisters



The three Baldini sisters in front of their apartment house

IF YOU OPEN the street door of a three-hundred-year-old house on the Piazza Santa Croce in Florence, Italy, cross the courtyard, and climb four flights of stairs, you find yourself at the Baldini home. The small, high-ceilinged, living room of the apartment has reproductions of Italian masterpieces hanging on the walls, and the louvered shutters are half-closed over the windows against the hot Italian sun. Here you meet Signorina Gabrielle Baldini—dark, slender, sixteen. In just a few minutes you forget that you are strangers, and find yourself comparing notes on your Girl Scout activities and your favorite movie stars!

Gabrielle's father is a *professore*, which means that he teaches in one of Florence's secondary schools. He has three daughters, and Gabrielle is the middle one.

In the room Gabrielle shares with one of her sisters, there are two narrow beds festooned with white mosquito netting which is suspended from a brass crown fastened to the wall above them. On a

table between the beds stands a small statue of the Madonna. All around the single mirror near the window which overlooks the courtyard Gabrielle has pasted and pinned photographs of movie stars. She shows them to you proudly.

"Among all my friends I have the best collection. It is silly, but almost every Italian girl collects movie pictures."

You like this friendly, enthusiastic girl and want to know everything about her.

"Have you any other hobbies?"

"No. I know Americans love to collect things. Fads, you call them, no? In my free time I sew or knit or embroider. Every Italian girl or woman makes her own clothes, unless she is wealthy enough to go to a seamstress. When you were out shopping, you probably noticed all the stores sell material by the yard. But it's hard to buy anything ready-made except embroidered lingerie and blouses. Ready-to-wear clothes are almost unknown in Italy."

Gabrielle is wearing a pretty cotton

dress with long sleeves. She has two of these—one lavender, one yellow—which she washes and irons herself. In the winter (and it can snow in Florence) she wears a tailored tweed suit or sweaters and skirts. In the summer, she goes bare-legged in the country, and wears straw sandals, but otherwise there is little difference. She never wears slacks or shorts or two-piece bathing suits, or even sun-back dresses. She has one coat for both winter and summer, a boxy blue worsted. For church she pins an heirloom black-lace veil over her head, and whenever she goes out in the summer sun she wears a huge cartwheel of natural leghorn straw. Her party dress is a flowered silk which her mother helped her make. She has no long evening dress and no jewelry except a small gold crucifix which she wears constantly. Nylons are fabulously expensive in Italy, so Gabrielle wears rayon stockings. She never wears socks. Her heels are Cuban or flat. (High heels are unpopular (Continued on page 31))



Seasons in Iowa

First Poetry Award

Summer . . .

Tanned men sweating under the heat of
an unyielding noonday sun:
The roar of massive machines devouring
corn and grain.
Thunderstorms—cool silvery rain pelting
down from the burdened sky:
Picnics under spreading trees, shouts of
happy swimmers,
Radiant sunsets.

Autumn . . .

Wandering leaves floating through a
once-more active schoolyard.
Bonfires—wispis of smoke drifting toward
an expansive sky—
A football soaring through the air before
excited spectators
on a crisp October night.

Winter . . .

Lonesome snowflakes wending their way
from a silent cloud.
Cold cheeks, ice skates, and furtive
patches of ice
lurking under innocent snow.

Spring . . .

Meadows of fragrant clover and fountains
of snow-white apple blossoms;
the crack of a baseball bat,
and happiness riding on a wandering
blossom in the air . . .

ELIZABETH FIELD (age 13) Decorah, Iowa

A Pouncing Lesson

First Nonfiction Award

Hi there, Bubbles. Would you like the
pouncing lesson I promised you today? You
would? Then come over to the shade of that
big elm tree, and we'll get started.

I've been pouncing for several months, you
know, and everyone thinks I'm ever so in-
telligent. Let's use that big yellow dandelion
over there for a target. Bits of string, cur-
tains, ivy, bare feet, and pigtails make good
things for cats to practice pouncing on, but
beware if you use Grandma's yarn, for she
applied her knitting needles to my nose once.

Now, we'll start by crouching low—like
this. Always keep your back end higher than
your front for it gives an interesting appear-
ance. That's it. Now stand your ears up
straight like this and don't take your eyes
off the target for an instant. If you do, people
might think you are not a good pouncer.
They can be so stupid sometimes. Now, creep
forward and be as silent as possible. Twitch
your whiskers a little; it makes us look in-
tent. Fine! Now bristle up your fur. This is

Here is your own department in the magazine. Watch for the an-
nouncements each month and send us your best original short stories,
poems, nonfiction, photographs, and drawings. See page 57 for details

very complicated but all good pouncers do
it. Swish your tail around from side to side.
No, like this. There, I think you've got it.
Get set—one, two, three, pounce! That's
good for a beginner. We cats are known for
catching ability, so pouncing is important.
Come back to the tree now and I'll watch
you this time.

Remember to bristle up. All good hunters
do it. Just think how proud you'll be when
you catch your first mouse! Now, get set,
twitch your tail, pounce! That's good.

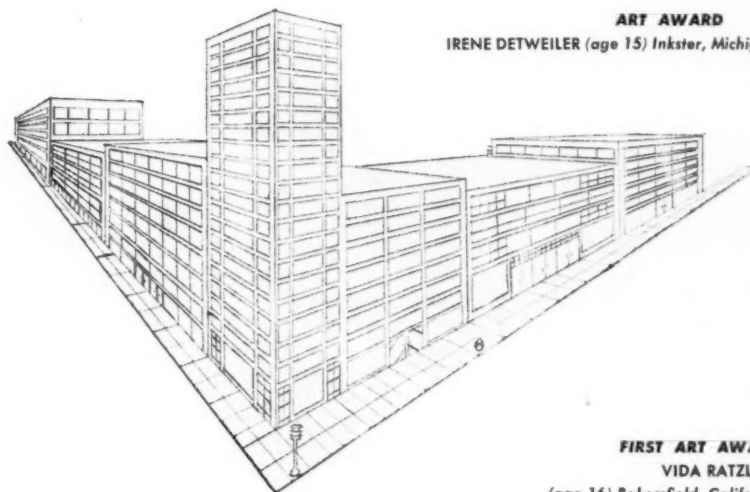
Always try to point your ears. There, that's

been normal, and he fell asleep, dreaming
of a grand day of skiing.

Suddenly, he was awakened!

Great crashing sounds filled the air, and he
seemed to hear loud voices and metallic
clanging noises. Rushing outdoors, he saw an
unbelievable sight. Overnight the calm hillside
had become a vast, roaring lumber camp!

In front of him stood a gigantic man,
dressed in a plaid shirt with heavy wool
trousers shoved into leather boots. He yelled
at my friend, "Get back a little way, out of
danger!" Then he (Continued on page 54)



ART AWARD

IRENE DETWEILER (age 15) Inkster, Michigan

FIRST ART AWARD

VIDA RATZLOFF
(age 16) Bakersfield, California

a beautiful crouch, but what
are you pouncing at? Ouch!
Hey, leggo my tail!

CAROL SWANSON (age 13)
Niles, Michigan

Our Unusual Weather

First Fiction Award

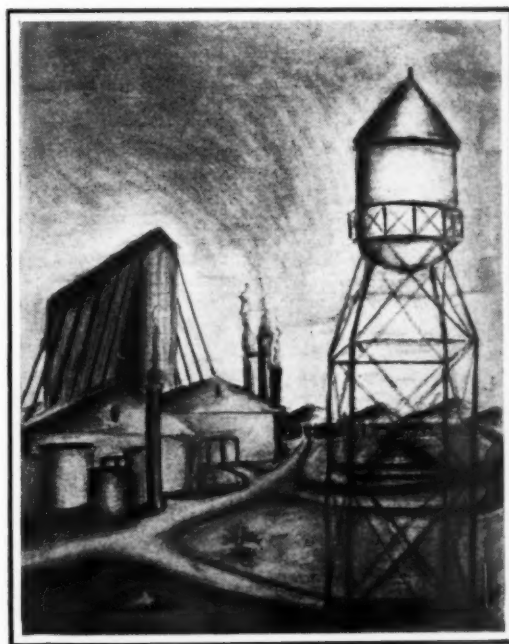
Paul Bunyan has been miss-
ing from his old haunts for
many years now, and most
people believe he was just a
legend.

But in 1949 strange things
happened there in Oregon.

One of the most unusual,
"Our Weather."

You may not know this but
I was told by a skier from
Oregon State College that he
had discovered the reason for
the heavy snows which keep
covering the whole country.

Christmas vacation this
skilled skier was at a lonely
hut on the edge of an uncut
forest. He was alone and
his first evening at the hut
was peaceful and undis-
turbed. The snowfall had





ONE MORNING, May, full May, came in. The big city drew back, surprised at the warm air carrying the perfume of pink, waxy magnolias; at the soft-shaking feathery arch of oak trees over her avenues. And in the suburbs, green lawns put forth yellow splotches of forsythia and pink-white cherry and apple blossoms. But it was the woods to the east of the suburbs that gave in as the city never could, to proud white jack-in-the-pulpits and red-purple violets contrasting green smooth leaves with loose black earth. And there the sun came up, trembling gloriously in the stream and touching the trees and the tall grass with golden light.

Mary McKay walked in that woods, her bright head tilted like a flower, but there were no blossoms in her heart. Only the bare hopelessness of a tree in winter. She had told a lie, not just a lie, but another lie. This time one that made your back crawl. All because she wanted so desperately to be a poet—a lady poet in a green velvet robe who sat on a pale satin chaise longue and spoke softly. It was her dream that people would come to hear her, and one day she would recite her great poem, all crystal and shining, and Mr. Martin, her English teacher, would be there. Of course, someday she would marry him.

She walked past the circle of swings to the green carpet of grass—like a jousting ring of the knights-errant. Her heart ached so that she stood still. "There are no knights," she told herself. "A mind that exaggerates lies about the truth. It lies because it doesn't see the truth as other people do."

It was her exaggerating mind that had made her lie to her English teacher, Mr. Martin. Mr. Martin, the only man she loved! Mr. Martin was Byron standing on the Persian's grave in a red cloak; Shelley listening to Indian serenades; Keats with his pale face, coughing his life out as his pen scratched his last sonnet. And when Mr. Martin found out she had lied, he was going to hate her.

Why had she told him she had won a poetry contest last year? She had even specified that it was the "City News" contest to make it more real. It would be easy for Mr. Martin to find out that she had only helped Agnes Buller with the poem which had really won the contest. Agnes, with her brown bowler hat pulled down straight over her forehead and her feet spread wide apart; Agnes raising her hand importantly in English class. Agnes would find out what she had done and tell everyone.

Mary followed the stream. The woods were soft and hazy, but she felt cold and

trembling like the quick-splashing water. When she came to the little bridge, she stopped. A weeping cherry tree in full bloom leaned across the brook, its light pink frothing against the gray wood of the bridge. She knew now that she had come to see this tree. Her heart pounded. She felt almost weak. Was truth really this beautiful? If she stood before the tree and explained about her lie, promised never to lie again, could it perhaps in some miraculous way erase the lie? The sun moved on, but she remained motionless, staring at George Washington's symbol of truth.

After a time, she looked up. Tommy Farrell was standing on the bridge, big hands thrust awkwardly in his jeans, watching the sky. Not now, Mary thought; he couldn't walk her to school now, not until she had stood before the tree and confessed.

"I spotted you from the street, Mary. Come, let's get on to school." He spoke easily, but his blue eyes were firm.

She knew he thought she was crazy for walking in the woods at this hour of the morning—crazy and romantic, which was worse.

"I can't come yet," she said. The blossoms were sweet. The beauty of the tree beckoned.

"What's wrong with you, Mary? If it's the dance that's worrying you, we can go bowling instead; I'd rather."

"No, it's not the dance." The dance—her first dance—had been all-important until yesterday. Now she wanted to crawl away with her guilt. Everything had changed.

"Were you writing poetry?" he asked quietly.

"No." The word was tight in her throat. She saw the gray bridge and the blossoming cherry tree leaning over it. She would never write another poem!

"Gosh," he said, smiling sheepishly. "I daydream too." He thrust his hands in his pockets and looked at the sky. "Sometimes I think I'm soaring around up there." He laughed, but his eyes were determined. "Someday I'll be a flier."

Tommy was always kind. But the rest of the class would laugh. They would all know she had lied about the contest. They would laugh because she was silly and wrote poems, but they would despise her more for lying about them. She could see their faces laughing at her. She wanted to run screaming, run and run without looking

back until she reached the gray edge of the world, and to jump off into blackness.

Tommy skipped a stone across the brook. Then he asked, "What are your parents giving you for graduation?"

Slowly and clearly, she answered. "A set of genuine calfbound works of the romantic poets." She had seen them at Donovan's, each one in a different-colored leather. Shelley in gray-blue with a tiny silver "Shelley" printed on the side; Byron in red with a big gold "Byron" stamped on the front; and Keats—Keats was in the green color of grass or the deep salty sea. She had loved them, but at home her father had said they were an impractical gift and her mother had shaken her head doubtfully. Why, oh why, after all her unhappiness, after all the promises she had been planning to make to the cherry tree, had she lied to Tommy now?

"A set of the romantic poets! Mother saw a set at Donovan's. Say, I wonder if you'd mind? She wanted them for the book club, but they were too expensive. Would you mind very much lending them to her after you get them?"

"No, no. Not at all."

When you wanted something badly, you really did believe you had it. But it was not at all likely that she would ever own the books. Tommy did not need to

The Cherry Tree

by BETTE DAWSON GORDON

Illustration by Stephanie



Mr. Martin was Byron standing on the Persian's grave

leave her now. *She* would go. She had lied about another dream. Now she could not stand before the cherry tree. It would take a long time of hating herself for her lies before she could face the truth of the tree and believe she would not lie again.

Without another glance at the cherry tree, she turned back and Tommy went with her. They walked up the sunny dirt path toward the street.

When they were across from Tommy's house, he asked, "Mary, do you have one of your poems with you? Mother would like to have one for the book club, you know."

She tore out the last page of her notebook with her poem about the woods in spring being like a cathedral on fire. The black lines on the page became alive, and it was a little like losing something she loved to part with them.

But guilt still hovered over her. It remained with her, black and curling, until just before English class when she saw Agnes standing in front Mr. Martin's door. Then it turned on her and became red, jumping fear.

Agnes, in her (Continued on page 30)

yTree

"Beauty is truth," said Keats,
"truth beauty." But what of dreams?
Mary asked her aching heart



Thomas R. Morgan, Jr.

Hameeda Akhund, Pakistan, admires our modern kitchens

A Voice Is Heard

by JOAN PORTER

"... The world we want is not at all difficult to describe. It is a world in which people of different nations and colors and races and religions can be friends with each other ..."

This was seventeen-year-old Chung-Wha-Lee of Korea speaking. She spoke softly, bending forward a little as if she were eager for everyone to hear clearly and understand. In her lovely national dress of chartreuse and wine-red, Chung looked confident, pretty, happy. But listening to her voice you could sense her anxiety, for Chung knows well the bitterness and misery of war. Today in her homeland families are scattered, cities lie in ruins. Chung herself is a refugee forced to flee from Seoul to Pusan, where for many months she worked as a clerk-typist to help support her family until her doctor-mother could open a small hospital.

But faith was in her voice, too, as she went on: "One of the principal methods through which we can achieve the world we want is understanding others."

That they might discuss "The World We Want" among

East and West, teen-agers are

planning their world

be different from—say—Egypt, Iraq, Israel? From Korea, Lebanon, Nepal, Pakistan, the Philippines? Did they expect a land of skyscrapers and streets of gold, of movie stars and millionaires? Were they, perhaps, a little afraid Americans might be strange or unfriendly? Yes ... maybe ... they weren't quite sure.

"It was exciting and a little bit terrifying," said Bhinda Malla who came from Nepal. "But once in my new home in Teaneck, New Jersey, my hostess Joan Leach and her parents and I began to laugh and talk as though we had known one another for years. We were all surprised to learn that though we lived on opposite sides of the globe (Continued on page 40)



The Voice of America

Far Eastern delegates to the Forum discuss mutual problems with American students before a Voice of America broadcast



Pan American World Airways

Myrtle Dorai Raj finds her native India on the globe. Teen-agers said they want more information on all nations



the LONG and SHORT of it!

by HARRY WALTON HOCHMAN

Drawing by Jerry Cummins

No more doubts or mental whirls wondering what boys like in girls. For the straight-from-the-source answer, read on

MOST BOYS, without realizing it, place the girls they know on either a long list or a short one. The long list they keep for those girls who do the wrong things on a date. The short list is for the girls who know either by instinct or by experience how to act, what to do and say, and most important—why. Of course, these lists are kept deep within the boys' minds and not on paper, but they are just as deadly as a written black list. In the end the lists will tell the story of whether or not the boy will call again.

Let's turn the tables and suppose that you are a boy. You're going on a few dates, and you carry two pictures in your mind—one of a scroll sixty yards long, called the long list; and one of a little piece of paper from a small pad, the short list. You'll make the entries yourself, and we'll see how these girls stack up in your own estimation.

You have a date with Suzie for eight o'clock sharp. You've been busy hauling the ashes from the cellar or fixing the back-yard fence. But with a lot of rushing and excitement you manage to ring Suzie's doorbell right on the button—at eight. As you wipe the perspiration from your forehead you hear footsteps coming, and you expect Suzie, already dressed, to open the door. When her pesty brother appears instead, you're a little disappointed; but maybe Suzie is just putting on her coat.

Suzie's mother comes to the door, smiles, and invites you in. "Suzie will be right down," she tells you. "She just has to put on her face."

From upstairs Suzie's voice floats down clear as a bell. "Is he here already? Introduce him, Mother. I'll be right down."

Her father looks up from the newspaper he's reading to greet you. Suzie's mother asks you to sit down while you wait. You do that. The pesty brother looks at you and snickers. Pretty soon you understand why—because you wait, and wait, and wait.

Suzie's mother and father are nice people who try to make you feel at home, but you intended to spend the evening with Suzie, not with her parents. Pretty soon conversation lags. You begin to perspire. You squirm in your seat.

At last Suzie trots down the staircase and you want to stand up and applaud, but what's the use? You're limp. As you walk out of the door with your date you mentally unroll the scroll and make the first entry. Suzie is finished.

Now take Marsha. She's a cute girl and a date with her promises a lot of fun. As you wait for someone to answer the bell, panic takes hold of you. This might be another Suzie ordeal. What a relief to hear Marsha call that she's coming. The door opens and you freeze on the door mat. No—she couldn't have done such a thing to herself. The Marsha you asked for a date in the school lunchroom was a girl with a lot of natural charm and beauty. Why, in heaven's name, does this dressed-for-a-date Marsha have to hide her good looks behind a mask? A little make-up for color is understandable, but all those layers of pancake make-up, mascara, lipstick, eye shadow, rouge, and other assorted items make her look like a circus wagon. Her gaudy dress is trimmed with enough frills and do-jiggers to make twenty dresses and still have plenty to spare. To make matters worse Marsha wears enough costume jewelry to fill a trunk. That ring on her fourth finger is the size of the Rock of Gibraltar. It's amazing that she doesn't need a sling to hold her arm up to support the weight. So, there stands Marsha glittering from top to toe, as bright as a beacon for ships lost at sea.

You wonder, grimly, if all that make-up stuff will shatter and chip off when she smiles. Marsha is definitely long-list material.

Tonight's a lucky night. Your date, Penny, was ready right on time and she looks fine. The first two hurdles have been crossed (Continued on page 36)





Martha Lorraine

How's Your Smile?

Make yours the prettiest smile. Follow these tips on teeth care and good lipstick technique

by PAMELA MAXWELL

SMILES go so well with Maytime that Maytime seems high time to talk about *your* smile.

Almost every day of every year you smile at someone, at something. Each time you do your smile tells a little story about you—that you're feeling merry or mysterious, radiant, rueful, dreamy. In short, your smile is the outward show of the inward you. You send it forth as a sort of ambassador to say without words, "hello" or "let's be friends," or "good-by, but not for long because knowing you is fun."

You *can* smile because there is warmth and love and humor in your life, so surely the symbol of such priceless properties deserves your particular attention.

Physically your smile consists of your teeth and your mouth. Let's consider these and concentrate on creating for you a smile worth smiling.

First and foremost, are your teeth *healthy* teeth? Nobody knows for sure except your dentist. Ask him—regularly—twice a year at least. Because you don't have aches and pains does not mean that tiny spots of decay don't exist. Your dentist will tell you for certain, repair the damage before D (danger) day when neglected cavities have become full-fledged casualties. He will also advise you on the proper diet—easy on sweet things, lavish with good greens—to keep your healthy teeth just that.

Recommendations for correcting

crooked teeth or incorrect alignment of uppers and lowers will come from your dentist, too. If you need help, enter the orthodontist—specialist in these problems; and possibly enter the brace. Don't despair. A brace may seem irksome now, but patient wearing will pay off in even pearly teeth.

A sort of double-harness effort by your dentist and you is necessary to keep your teeth *clean*. A professional cleaning when he deems necessary to do away with hard-to-remove tartar, general dinginess, and stains is his part of the bargain. Yours is faithful daily brushing.

Most experts say that *after meals* is the most beneficial time to attend to this



Martha Lorraine

A lip brush gives a clean, true line



Martha Lorraine

Fill in outline with light strokes



Ipana Tooth Paste

Practice proper brushing techniques

daily brushing. You'll want to whisk away bits of food that find their way into the spaces between your teeth before they anchor there to do their bit toward causing tooth decay. A brisk brushing on arising will not be as effective, but it does banish "morning mouth"—and who of us can smile from the heart in those early hours until our mouths are fresh as mint or Mayflowers?

In this business of brushing, begin at the gumline and brush toward the cutting edge, using a slight rolling motion. Hasty, horizontal brushing is a waste of time and effort. Since a good, medium-firm, dry brush is best, keep two or three on tap so that a dry one is always on hand.

Refer once more to your friend the dentist for rules and regulations in keeping your gums healthy. He may advise gentle massaging; but your dentist, and only your dentist, knows how you should go about this.

Science is working on your side to provide effective and pleasant-tasting dentifrices, so you have choices aplenty, from the homemade salt-and-baking-soda mixture to the ammoniated and chlorophyll types now on the market.

Finally, remember that nature designed your teeth for chewing and to help you speak clearly. Your teeth are not to be used for biting thread, opening bobby pins, cracking nuts. (Anybody guilty?)

Attractive teeth deserve to be framed by a meticulously made-up mouth. Since lipstick is apt to be the major make-up item in your grooming kit all through your teens, let your lipstick technique be anything but lazy.

At what age you begin to use lipstick depends, of course, on parental approval, customs of your crowd, your own readiness.

For your test flights you might like a lightly tinted pomade or rosy-toned lipstick base to familiarize yourself with wearing a delicate coating on your mouth.

But whenever it is that you begin to emphasize your smile with lipstick, these twin rules are worth remembering:

Practice in (Continued on page 27)



Sue Carson converts fashion sense into dollars saved! Our May "Prize Purchase" is a two-dress outfit, value-priced at just under \$11. For graduation, wear the pastel organdy with drop-shoulder dolman sleeves. The full-skirted under-dress of darker broadcloth with indented shoulders and a mammoth bow is perfect for summer sunning. In subteen sizes 8-14 at the stores that are listed in the back of this magazine*



PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM BENEDICT

GLOVES BY DAWHELLE

BRACELET BY RICHELIEU

*THE STORES ARE LISTED ON PAGE 66

SHEERS SPAN THE SEASONS

PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH M. BAXTER

WROUGHT-IRON FURNITURE FROM JOHN D. SALTERINI CO., INC.

SHOES BY CAPEZIO

JEWELRY BY RICHELIEU

Berk's sleeveless dress of sheer plaid gingham has a fluted ruff of organdy under a pointed collar. Closed to the waist with jet buttons, it's belted with black patent. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$15 at Bonwit Teller, New York City and Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago

This full-skirted dress of embroidered organdy by Dell Tween has a solid scalloped yoke topped with an embroidered Peter Pan collar. It comes with two belts: one self-fabric, the other velvet. Available in sub-teen sizes 8-14, about \$13 at Filene's, Boston



From early spring straight through late summer, dresses made of cool, easy-to-care-for sheer fabrics are lovely to look at, delightful to wear

Peggy Daw's dress of wavy striped multi-color organdy has a jewel-buttoned front and a tiny pointed collar. Full skirt is topped with a straw belt. About \$9, subteen sizes 8-14. G. Fox, Hartford; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; B. Altman, New York City

Self-fabric and white organdy form a double Peter Pan collar on a dress of sheer chambray by Young Sophisticates. Full skirt has horizontal bands of white embroidery ending in butterfly bows at the front. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$11 at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh

Petiteen's twin-printed dotted dimity has a light-ground bodice with a scooped neck and cap sleeves. Full-shirred skirt is dark, with contrasting bands forming tiers. In subteen sizes 8-14, it's about \$9 at Gimbels, New York City and Davison Paxon, Atlanta



Double-Duty Dresses



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM BENEDICT
JEWELRY BY RICHELIEU

Left: Short, cuffed-sleeved dress of washable Irelin by Suzy Brooks has horizontal bands of embroidered daisies set in at the bodice and hips. Full skirt is gored. About \$11 in teen sizes 10-16 in white, pink, blue, and aqua at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Higbee Co., Cleveland

Right: Sandra Lee's dress of eyelet batiste buttons to the waist with tiny pearl buttons. The soft, lace-edged collar stands away from the neck. Full skirt is shirred. White, maize, pink, and blue. Teen sizes 9-15, about \$13 at Bamberg-er's, Newark and Macy's, New York City

These simple, effective dresses were designed with one eye on graduation, the other on your budget, for they are equally suitable for all-occasion wear

Bonnie Blair's simple white dress with a button-front bodice has a full skirt of embroidered organdy. Waist is elasticized, and it has a grosgrain belt. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$8 at Maison Blanche, New Orleans; Famous Barr, St. Louis



Crisp and Cool

Drawings by Florence Maier

9043: Button on the crisply ruffled collar, and in a wink this sundress for sizes 12-16 becomes a smart street dress. A Dan River wrinkled cotton, plain or plaid, might be used for it. Size 12 takes $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35" material for the dress, 1 yard for collar

9291: Halter blouse, shorts, wide skirt, and bolero—a complete summer wardrobe in one pattern for sizes 10-16. Matchmate cool Bates cottons for a very effective outfit. Blouse and shorts in size 12 needs $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35" fabric; skirt and bolero, $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards

4778: What could be prettier for an important summer date than this frock with flattering stand-up collar, snug midriff, and billowy skirt? It is easy to make, for bodice, sleeves, and collar are in one piece. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 takes $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39" material



These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl Pattern Dept., 155 East 44 Street, New York 17, New York. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. For your convenience there is a clip-out order blank on page 34

Each Pattern 30¢



POULTRY

by JUDITH MILLER

PHEASANT, quail, and pigeon recipes came winging in for this month's Exchange, along with dozens and dozens for chicken, duck, and turkey. All of them were good, and we have selected some of the more unusual recipes for publication.

One of the nice things about poultry is that it is so well adapted to second-day uses. We are including some recipes which use leftovers in dishes that are surely fit "to set before the king."

For the August Exchange, we would like your favorite recipes for ICE CREAM AND FROZEN DESSERTS. Even though it may seem like rushing the season, be sure to try out your recipe before you write it down; then send it in. We pay \$1.00 for each recipe printed in the magazine. See page 34 for details.

MAJONEZ Z KUR

(Jellied Chicken with Mayonnaise)

This is taken from a book of treasured Polish recipes. It's pretty as a picture, hearty, and a dress-up dish for festive occasions.

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 5-pound stewing chicken | 1 teaspoon sugar |
| ½ teaspoon salt | Juice of 1 lemon |
| 2 tablespoons gelatin | ¼ cup sliced olives |
| ¼ cup cold water | ½ cup sliced sweet pickles |
| 2 cups hot chicken broth | ¼ cup sliced, cooked carrots |
| 2 cups mayonnaise | ¼ cup pickled mushrooms |
| 1 teaspoon salt | ¼ cup capers |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper | |

Put chicken in kettle with enough boiling water to half cover, and ½ teaspoon salt. Cover and cook slowly until tender. Let cool in broth. Remove meat from bones and cut into large pieces of equal size. Soften gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Stir in chicken broth and cool until the mixture is slightly thickened.

Fold in mayonnaise. Add chicken and remaining ingredients, reserving a few slices of pickles, carrots, and mushrooms. Arrange these in an attractive pattern in bottom of a loaf pan, pour gelatin mixture carefully over them, and chill until firm. Unmold on bed of shredded lettuce. For garnish, use slices of hard-cooked or deviled eggs; asparagus tips; quarters of cooked beets; thin lemon slices. Serves 6 to 8.

Sent by MARYANNE DOMBOWSKI
Easthampton, Massachusetts

We hope many of you will get a chance, sometime, to use these two recipes, even though you may not live in an area where game birds are plentiful. Game birds are generally drier than other poultry; hence the need for the added fat and frequent basting.

ROAST STUFFED PHEASANT

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 pheasants | ½ cup minced onion |
| ¼ cup butter | 2½ quarts soft bread crumbs |
| Salt and pepper | 2½ teaspoons salt |
| Lemon juice | 2½ teaspoons ground sage |
| Stuffing | |
| ¾ cup butter | ¼ teaspoon pepper |

Rub insides of pheasants with ¼ cup butter, salt, and pepper. Melt ¾ cup butter in skillet, add onion, and cook over low heat until tender. Add crumbs and seasonings and stir until crumbs are lightly browned. Stuff pheasants as you would chicken. Roast at 350°, allowing 15 to 20 minutes per pound, basting frequently with drippings. Serve with unthickened drippings, to which lemon juice may be added. One bird serves 3 or 4.

Sent by VIRGINIA HOGUE,
Plymouth, Wisconsin

ROAST QUAIL

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 6 quail | Juice of 1 lemon |
| 3 tablespoons butter | 6 slices toast |
| Salt and pepper | Parsley or watercress |
| 6 slices bacon | |

Use 2 tablespoons of the butter to rub each bird inside and out. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Truss the birds, wrap a strip of bacon around each, and place in a small roasting pan. Melt the remaining tablespoon butter and brush over birds. Roast at 325° 20 to 30 minutes, depending on size, and baste frequently with drippings. To serve, place each bird on a slice of toast. Add lemon juice and flour to drippings to make gravy, and pour some over each quail, allowing it to soak into the toast. Garnish with parsley or watercress. Six quail will serve 3 or 4.

Sent by ESTELLE PHYLLIS LEYNE,
Ellenville, New York

CALIFORNIA BAKED CHICKEN SALAD

This recipe came from a church supper. It is fine for a party or a large group, for it can be made ahead of time and reheated.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 3 cups cooked chicken, diced | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 2 cups blanched almonds, slivered | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| ½ cup diced pimiento | 1 package frozen peas, cooked (or) |
| 1¼ cups mayonnaise | 2 cups cooked peas, fresh or canned |
| 3 tablespoons lemon juice | 1 cup potato chips, crushed |
| 3 tablespoons grated onion | ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese |

Combine thoroughly all ingredients except potato chips and cheese. Turn into buttered baking dish. Top with potato chips and cheese, and bake at 350° about 45 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

Sent by DONNA KINNEY,
Muskegon Heights, Michigan

BAKED DUCK

Duck is one of the least expensive kinds of poultry, and is delicious when properly cooked.

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 clove garlic | 4 sprigs parsley |
| 1 green pepper, sliced | 2 ducks |
| 1 onion, minced | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| ½ teaspoon poultry seasoning | 2 teaspoons salt |
| | ½ pound butter, melted |

Put garlic, pepper, onion, poultry seasoning, and parsley in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, and simmer 20 minutes; strain. This liquid is to be used when ducks are roasted. Disjoint ducks, salt and pepper each piece. Place in uncovered roasting pan and pour melted butter over them. Broil at 450° until brown, turning each piece. Remove from broiler, and pour 1 cup of the seasoned liquid over ducks. Cover, and bake in moderate oven (375°) until tender—about 2 hours—adding more liquid as needed. Transfer duck to hot serving platter. Make gravy from drippings. Serve with mashed potatoes, applesauce or currant jelly, and a green salad. Serves 6.

Sent by OPHELIA GARCIA, Tucson, Arizona

BARBECUED CHICKEN IN PAPER BAGS

Try this in aluminum foil, too, making a tight package. Saves dishwashing, if you are careful.

(Continued on page 33)

How's Your Smile?

(Continued from page 20)

private until you *know* you wear your lipstick properly, with poise.

Follow the only true, reliable guidelines you have: your own mouth. Don't aim for a reasonable facsimile of the mouth of some charmer you admire.

The decorative and clean-lined effect you want can be accomplished by using a lip brush, or a lipstick itself, or both. Mastering the brush method may take a bit of try and try again, but will give you a more exact finish.

Here are six steps to a pretty mouth:

1. Dry your lips. (Moisture will prevent creamy lipstick from adhering properly.)

2. With a light stroking movement, work a small amount of lipstick into the brush. (A few attempts will teach you exactly how much.)

3. Part your lips; then with super care draw an outline on your upper lip starting at the center (or bow) and following your natural lip line to the corners of your mouth. (Some girls start at the corners and work toward the center. Choose the way you find agreeable.) To steady your hand, brace your little finger against your chin.

4. Fill in the rest of the lip, stroking from the outline toward the inside. You can use brush or lipstick for this.

5. Roll your upper lip over your lower lip—gently does it. This will give you an outline for your lower lip that is in good proportion with the upper one. Or—draw your lower-lip outline with the lip brush. Fill in as you did your upper lip.

6. Blot with tissue until all excess lipstick is removed.

If you think you have a "problem" mouth (lips too full or too thin) you may have heard that it is permissible to change its shape to a slight degree by applying lipstick slightly inside or outside your natural lip line. Before you decide to do any redesigning of the mouth Mother Nature gave you, by all means get some expert advice—from your mother, your good-grooming teacher at school, your beauty-shop operator. Only someone who can see how your mouth is related to the proportions of your other features and the general shape of your face can really recommend a proper solution.

Now, some last thoughts on lipstick. A little goes a long, long way. At all costs avoid wearing a heavy coat of lipstick. Run, too, from the dark, brash colors. (Purple is a pretty shade for pansies but definitely *not* lovely on your lips.) Best aim for the "natural" look by applying the light, bright shades sparingly.

Constant repairs, particularly in public places, will earn you neither popularity nor a reputation for good taste. Lipstick refurbishing should be a young lady's secret to be shared only with her mirror.

Your smile does you many favors—makes friends, helps pep up a cheerless chum, works wonders for your ego on dreary days. Try turning up the corners of your mouth when your mood is low and blue; this just might give you the little, needed tug to start your spirits skyward.

In turn—do a favor for your smile. Make it a million-dollar smile; then spend it—freely.

THE END



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If you spy a sliver in the fricassee—

- ☐ Sound off ☐ Inform your squire

A delectable dish—till you eagle-eye a sliver (or whatever) in same. So . . . you tag the head waiter and sound off. Or do you? If you'd avoid disapproving glances, you'll quietly mention the snag to your date; let him arrange for a new serving. If you're glance-conscious at *trying* times, scoff off anxiety with Kotex: those *flat pressed ends* defy revealing outlines. And your new Kotex belt gives added *comfort*. Made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling. Washable. Dries fast!



When a gal's "all ears," what's the cure?

- ☐ Clam up ☐ A forward look ☐ Drop earbobs

'Tisn't the snooper type we mean—(just wanted to keep you guessing). It's a gal with really outsize ears. The remedy? Inxay on skinned-rabbit hairdo's. Cover ears with curls that turn softly forward. And for the softness you want and need in sanitary protection—count on Kotex. It *holds its shape*, keeps you comfortable. Made to stay soft while you wear it!

Are you in the know?



Which hotel plan should you choose?

- ☐ American ☐ European

Maybe the American plan (meals included) appeals to you. But mornings, would you rather sleep than yawn into the bacon n' eggs? Or prefer exploring new dining spots to dashing back for hotel chow? Then consider the European plan. When vacationing, being carefree's important, and on problem days let Kotex help—with the *extra protection* that special safety center assures you. Try all 3 absorbencies of Kotex.



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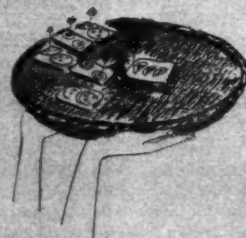
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talk

by JONNI BURKE

Drawings by Lisl Weil



Large tray of split bamboo for serving party sandwiches has a rolled edge to prevent skidding. \$2.60 at The Basket Bazaar, 133 West 3rd St., New York City 12

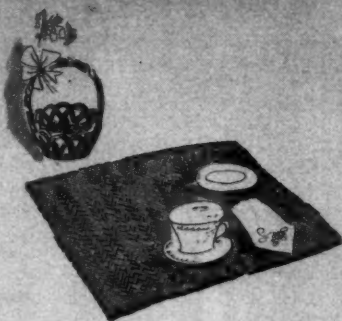


Gaily-colored, make-it-yourself favor baskets by Hallmark are pre-cut for easy assembling. Set of five baskets, 60¢. At Dennison's, 411 Fifth Ave., New York City 10



This ovenproof and flameproof Mexican casserole set includes one large casserole and four individual servers, \$2.50. Fred Leighton, 15 East 8th St., New York City 3

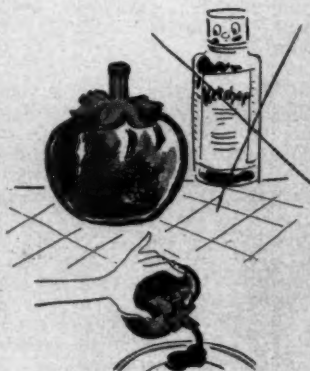
Seven items to pretty a party table. All under \$3



Imported from Poland, a candy or nut basket of brown willow, 50¢. Straw place mats may be used to underline a centerpiece too, 30¢ each. Both from Basket Bazaar, 133 West 3 St. New York City 12



Brighten your buffet with this clever combination bird-cage planter and double candleholder. Only \$3. Order it from Hickory Enterprises, Ardsley, New York



This replica of a giant tomato is made of bright-red pliable plastic and will hold the complete contents of a bottle of ketchup, \$1. Hickory Enterprises, Ardsley, New York

Please order items direct from stores listed and mention *The American Girl*



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Consult TV section of your local newspaper for time and station.

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gold buttons, rope tie and whirling skirt!
Small Teen sizes 8 to 14. About \$6.

*Or write Bobby Teen, 520 Eighth Ave., N. Y. 18

The Cherry Tree (Continued from page 17)

green-leather jacket, was like a tree trunk with a belt. Her flat feet, squarely apart, were rooted to the floor. Her brown bowler hat was pulled down tightly over her eyes. Mary's feet refused to carry her forward over the brown splintery floor. "Pretend," she told herself desperately, "pretend it's not real, pretend it never happened!" She walked over firmly and looked straight at Agnes.

"Are you waiting to see Mr. Martin?" Agnes's chin stuck up. She squinted her little eyes. "What's it to you—jealous?"

"I think"—Mary wished she could stand firm like Agnes and not blush when she talked—"I think I know what he wants to see you about."

"Sure," Agnes jerked her elbows out like tree limbs and pushed her hands down so they made big knots in her pockets. "Sure; he's going to tell me I won the prize for the graduation poem."

"No, no, listen, Agnes!" She took a deep breath and things became sickeningly real, "I told Mr. Martin that I won the 'City News' poetry contest last year."

"Well!" Agnes gasped and jerked her hands out of her pockets. "You know very well I won it!"

"But I helped you."

"You wrote three measly little lines."

"Yes, I know, but—"

"Do you want me to tell him I *didn't* write it?"

"No, no; it's too late, he'll find out anyway. It's just that," she was praying, hard not to cry in front of Agnes, "please promise me you won't tell anyone else, Agnes, please!" She closed her eyes and swore to the jumping in her chest that she would never lie again.

Agnes took a step forward and fixed her with a look, "What's it worth to you?"

"Why, why, I—I don't know. What would you like?"

"I haven't a date for the dance," Agnes stared at Mary without blinking. "I'd like Tommy Farrell to take me."

Mary felt her heart skip a beat and then slip down past her shoulder blades, down, down. The dance, her first dance! How could she give it up? How could she persuade Tommy?

"You can go with your brother," said Agnes. "That is, if you want me to keep your secret." She half opened the door, a smug smile on her face.

Mary stared at her dully. "All right," she said. "All right, Agnes."

Agnes opened the door and walked triumphantly into the classroom.

Mary heard her own footsteps in her ears as she went down the hall and pushed open the door to the staircase with her shoulder. She sat down on the stairs near the little window. She would wait here until the bell rang for English class. Outside the sky was a deep cloudless blue. The light on the grass was green, the color of the glass jars her mother used for her preserved peaches. It was like—she drew her eyebrows together searching for the phrase—"No, no, it's not like anything at all," she said to herself. "I will never write another poem. I'm not like other people, because I'm not true." Her throat hurt. Her mouth shook. "I want things to be different than they are. Poems are only dreams I want to come true." The hot tears came, tasting salty in the corners of her

mouth. She would have to tell Tommy the truth and beg him to take Agnes instead of her. And she would have to tell him the truth about the calfbound books too.

The door opened and Mr. Martin stepped over the landing. She saw his pale, familiar face, the close brown curls and pointed chin. He watched her intently for a moment, then he patted her shoulder sympathetically.

"What's the matter with our poet?"

She drew in a sob. Now, now, it would come! Now he would tell her he had found her out. She waited to accept the contempt of the man she loved.

"Mary, I'm surprised you haven't entered a poem for graduation."

"I don't want to. Poems aren't true. Poems aren't real." Puppet strings were jerking the muscles in her back.

"But poems are real, Mary. Poems are a place to store your dreams."

She shook her head, "Dreams aren't real."

"Dreams may not be reality, but don't they clothe it and make it more beautiful?"

"I don't know, I don't know," she repeated dully.

"Sometimes a dream comes along, Mary," he said gently, "and inside it, there is truth and belief, and if you wait long enough and work hard enough, it does come true. Don't pretend about these things; don't spoil them by rushing in before they're ready."

It was all right for Mr. Martin to tell her to go on dreaming. He had nothing to be ashamed of. He didn't have to face the ridicule of the whole class.

And there was the dance! Tommy Farrell was her friend, but would his friendship be equal to a date with Agnes for her sake? How could she go to a dance with her younger brother?

Davie would be horrid. He would throw a temper, but Mother would make him go so that Mary could wear her new dress.

Mr. Martin went on up the stairs, pausing at the door. "Better go on to class, now, Mary. I'll be there in a moment. Remember, this is the last day to enter a poem."

He knew she had lied about the contest. That was what he meant about spoiling dreams. Why did he keep her in suspense? Why didn't he tell her then and there?

On the night of the dance, Davie wore the expression of an early Christian martyr, just as Mary had known he would. When the band started up, his expression, as he put his arm around Mary for the first dance, was that of a prisoner waiting for the gallows.

"Davie, don't look like that, please," she begged.

"Don't bother to talk to me; just count time so I can keep step."

"One - two - three, one - two - three," she counted. She smiled over his shoulder, but her heart was heavy. She was sure she would fall with the weight of it, if Davie didn't hold her up. The room was warm, the big gym windows open, the noise of the orchestra and shuffling feet filled the room. Along the walls in straight-backed chairs sat the teachers, dressed in prim, dull-colored dresses. They watched the dancers with half-humorous smiles or talked behind their hands to one another.

The music was soft and swaying. Mary listened with her head tilted, holding up the skirt of her pink chiffon dress with her

right hand, as she danced. *This is my first dance.* The gym floor felt smooth under her thin-soled dancing shoes, and she loved it. *I love all the excited faces. I love the rhythm of the music. It beats all through me. It is as wonderful as writing a poem.*

Mr. Martin cut in. "It's very near intermission, Mary. They are going to make an announcement."

It was a red-and-black nightmare. The music went faster and faster. Mr. Martin's hand was cold. Soon his face would contort and he would call her a liar.

Over Mr. Martin's shoulder she could see Agnes and Tommy. Agnes looked up at Tommy and they both laughed. Pain shot straight to Mary's heart. Tommy—tall and elegant tonight, with his hair brushed—had always laughed with her. She thought of him with his hands thrust in his pockets, looking at the sky, and wondered if he had ever told Agnes about wanting to be a flier some day.

Mary no longer wanted to be a poet in a green velvet robe. She wanted only to go bowling with Tommy. And Agnes had gone to his first dance with him because she, Mary, had lied. It gave her a strange, new hollow feeling to think she had lost Tommy. She turned to Mr. Martin.

"Mr. Martin, I want to tell you myself that I didn't write the poem that won the 'City News' contest."

"I know," he said gently, "you were foolish to pretend about it. I think I told you, Mary, that a dream does not come true because you want it to. If it's worth-while, it's worth working for. I hope you have learned a lesson."

"I—" she began.

"Hush now, it's almost time for the announcement."

The next few minutes stood out black and white and clear in her mind. The principal, in a blue serge suit, waddled across the stage. He spoke into the microphone.

"A poem by Mary McKay has won the graduation poetry contest. Will Miss McKay step forward for the prize?"

Mr. Martin patted her shoulder. His eyes

were kind and understanding, but she didn't see them because Tommy stood there, grinning, a triangle of black hair falling across his eyebrow.

"But I didn't enter a poem," Mary said, bewildered.

"I entered it for you," Tommy said.

"You?"

"Sure. When you explained about Agnes, I felt so sorry for you that I went home and got your poem. I don't know anything about poetry, but I knew yours would have to be better than hers and I thought if you won this contest, you would feel better about the whole business."

Tommy stepped aside then, and Mary walked to the platform alone. Her hands shook so that she almost dropped the prize. When she saw what it was, something leaped inside her and she almost forgot to say thank you. The prize was a calfbound set of the works of the romantic poets, red, blue, and green.

"But that's what your family is giving you," Tommy said, when she showed it to him.

"No, Tommy, I didn't tell you the truth."

"But, why?" He looked puzzled. "You don't need to lie to me, Mary."

"I didn't lie to you, Tommy; I lied to myself." The books which should have delighted her filled her with shame. They would always remind her of her lie. She would keep them to help her distinguish between truth and dreaming; to remember that it is not necessary to lie to make your dreams come true. She hadn't believed long enough in her dream.

Mr. Martin was right. There should be a place for dreams. She thought again of the cherry tree over the bridge. It was lovely, but the trunk was gnarled. It had struggled until it brought forth a froth of pink-and-white flowers. The same as her dreams. She would not need to lie again. She would dream, and work to make her dreams come true. Some of them would struggle and die, but the lovely, true ones would one day be a white beauty of truth like the cherry tree.

THE END

Teen-Ager . . . Italian Style (Continued from page 14)

in Italy, because of the uneven cobblestone pavements.) For school and everyday, she wears no make-up. For special occasions she sometimes borrows her older sister's powder, lipstick, and mascara, although her mother would rather she didn't, for middle-class Florentine girls of Gabrielle's age rarely use them.

You go on: "Don't you have jobs after school or in the summer?"

"Never! No nice girl in Italy would be allowed by her family to take a job until she was over eighteen, and there's no such thing as a part-time job. Oh, I nearly forgot. Poor Birdie!"

She leans out of the window and pours some water into the cup in a tiny, square wicker cage fastened to the wall of the house. Almost every apartment in Italy has its bird cage outside the window, off the ground, beyond the reach of cats and small boys. The Baldinis have no other pet.

All three girls look after their own rooms and help with the housework and marketing, but their mother does the cooking. Cooking for five is no small job, especially as Signora Baldini makes her own *pasta* (ravioli, spaghetti, canelloni, etc.) which they have every day. A *professore's* salary

does not go far in a present-day Italy of high prices, so the Baldinis cannot afford a refrigerator or a hot-water heater. All water must be heated on the stove.

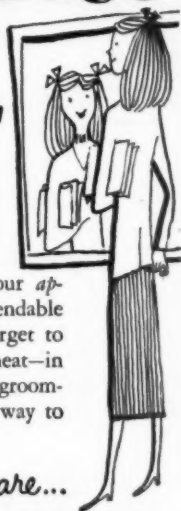
"But we are lucky," smiles Gabrielle. "Papa has saved up enough for a good education for the three of us, and we are all going to be able to do the things we want."

For Gabrielle, this means training to be a private secretary. Her older sister is studying nursing, and the fourteen-year-old "baby" of the family is preparing to be a nun.

"But you go to State schools. Aren't they free?" you ask.

Gabrielle's dark eyes widen in surprise. "Free? I should say not! In Italy, one must pay for all schooling, even the first five years of elementary school, which are compulsory. The fees vary tremendously in different subjects as well as in the *scuola media* (middle school), the *ginnasio* (secondary school) and the *liceo* (equivalent to junior college). Then there are books and lab equipment to be paid for, too. I won't even attempt to tell you the rates or their equal in American money, because they are different for every course and year and school, and the government is always changing them as the value of the lira goes up

Reflect a minute, Miss Teen!



Checking up on your appearance is a commendable habit. But never forget to be sweet as well as neat—in manner and personal grooming, too. *That's* the way to popularity!

And take care...

Be sure you avoid the fault that others find hard to forgive. Underarm perspiration odor doesn't only happen to "older" people. Teen-agers can offend as well, if they don't watch out.

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and down. The very poor people are given lower rates, but, even so, many of their children cannot afford to go to school long."

"What about the universities? Are there scholarships?"

"A few. But most Italians of the middle- and upper-income groups go to the university anyway, if they possibly can. In Italy, it's . . . it's smart to study!"

Suddenly she jumps up. "Would you like to visit a *scuola media*? There is one across the piazza."

You are surprised to find that the *scuola media* is on the third floor of an apartment-house building. There is no playground, no gymnasium, no games or athletics, no tennis stars or football heroes! Classes are generally coeducational, with about thirty students in each room. After elementary school, there is no uniform in Florence.

The *professore* is overjoyed to see you, because his geography class is studying America at the moment. He introduces you to the students with a flourish, as if he had thought you up himself as part of the course! Then he explains that the *scuola media* is for students twelve to fifteen years old, lasts for three years. There is no choice of subjects, except that boys bypass cooking and embroidery. Italian grammar and literature, history, geography, religion, mathematics, physics, French, chemistry, drawing and art, sewing (which includes embroidery, mending, and knitting), cooking and ironing, first aid, and a special course for girls in house-keeping ("to teach them good taste in furniture and clothes and how to get the best of a bargain in the market!") must all be covered in those three years. To keep up with all this Gabrielle does about three hours of homework each day. Students go on to the upper department, the *ginnasio*, and specialize.

"I've almost finished the second of my two years of the *scuola commerciale*," Gabrielle adds, "and then I get my diploma and qualify as a secretary."

There are also industrial, agricultural, medical, needlework, and law schools, and of course, the church seminaries.

You note, disappointedly, that there are no such things as student government, class presidents, or school societies, and there is no English class on the list. Gabrielle speaks English, and more and more Italian girls are studying it at the British Institute in Florence in their spare time.

A bell rings and the teacher hurries away. Each class lasts one hour; there is a ten-minute free time between them instead of one long recess. School begins at eight in the morning, six days a week.

Because Italians have their main meal in the middle of the day, followed by the siesta (little rest), everyone goes home for lunch. There are no classes between twelve thirty and three, and the afternoon session lasts from three to five.

Gabrielle looks at her watch. "It's almost time for luncheon. Mama hopes you can stay and have it with us."

As you recross the graveled piazza, with its total absence of any grass or flowers and its brooding statue of Dante (he lived in this square) you ask, "Where do you spend your vacations?"

"We have long vacations in the summer. All of June, July, August, and September. A lot of Italian families have cottages in the country or at the seashore where they go for the hot months. For us it is actually cheaper than staying in town, because we

grow vegetables and also keep chickens."

"Do you swim and play tennis and sunbathe?" She shakes her head. "No, but we are always busy. There is the house to look after, and the garden and orchard, and the washing, and the cooking, and the sewing. I read a great deal in the summer, and we go for walks. Sometimes we have a picnic."

At Gabrielle's home you climb four flights of stairs again. There is no *ascensore* (elevator). Few Italian buildings have them.

The others are already at the luncheon table. Signora Baldini is serving heaping plates of spaghetti with a sauce of olive oil and ground beef over which she shakes grated cheese. This is followed by *scallopini*, veal fried in olive oil with slices of lemon; fried zucchini; and for dessert, cheese and crusty bread and a bowl of fresh golden grapes. Italians always have their sweet dessert at night, often meringues with whipped cream or open-faced pies of gluey stewed fruit thinly spread on a crust.

Dinner, which is at eight thirty in Florence (the farther south, the later—ten P.M. in Rome) usually includes a green salad and begins with soup instead of *pasta*.

Gabrielle has a cup of milk with a little coffee in it and a slice of bread when she gets up at seven every morning. Our substantial American type of breakfast is not the custom in Italy.

After luncheon, Gabrielle suggests going to the cloisters of the Chiesa Santa Croce, the beautiful rose, turquoise, and white church at the end of the piazza.

As you walk along, absorbing the beauty of the city, a handsome Italian boy greets Gabrielle. She smiles shyly as they shake hands. They talk for a few minutes, very formally (it seems to you). Gabrielle does not introduce you. Casual introductions on the streets are not the custom in Europe. When he says good-by, he calls her "signorina."

"Eugenio is very nice," she confides as you enter the cloisters and sit down together in the shade.

"How long have you known him?" you ask curiously.

"All my life," she answers simply. "We go to school together, and our family visits his family. We are good friends, but of course we do not know each other well."

This does not seem to strike Gabrielle as a funny remark.

"Don't you ever have a date with Eugenio — for the movies, for instance?"

She blushes. "It is only because I have read some American magazines that I even know what dates are! In Italy they do not exist. A well-brought-up boy and girl would not dream of asking to go out alone together, even in the daytime. My elder sister is allowed to receive her fiancé alone in the living room, because they are going to be married next spring, but when they go out, Mamma or Papa goes with them."

You feel a little limp. "Always?"

"Always, in nice families," says Gabrielle firmly. "And what's more, my sisters and I never go out by ourselves."

"Your mother must get worn out! What happens when you all want to go different places at the same time?"

Her white teeth sparkle in an appreciative grin. "We don't! But mama doesn't have to go with us. We can go with a sister or a friend. Just so we aren't alone. Once a month Papa takes us to the movies. When the opera is here, we go to that."

"Are there no youth clubs? No dancing?"
 "No youth clubs, except for the Girl Scouts and the Catholic League. Dancing, yes, but always at a friend's home."

You understand that each country has customs which are right for it. But you can't resist teasing her a bit. "Does a man have to propose in front of the family?"

Gabrielle takes you seriously. "Not necessarily. But you both have to ask your parents first. There are very few marriages before twenty-one. But all her life a girl prepares for the life of a homemaker, even if she studies for a career."

Suddenly the great organ peals out in the church right behind you. It reminds you of something you wanted to ask Gabrielle. "Do you go to church every Sunday?"

"Why, of course," she replies as if there could be no other answer. "Our religion is a big part of our lives. We always ask the advice of our parish priest before doing anything important. Every year at Easter he comes and blesses our house, as he does all his parishioners."

For a moment you are both silent, listening to the swelling music. Your own thoughts linger a while on this city, Florence—the city of flowers. You remember the great names of its past: the Medici, Garibaldi, Giotto the painter, Dante. Gabrielle's heritage is different from yours in so many ways.

Unexpectedly she turns and puts her hand over yours in an affectionate gesture.

"Now let's talk about you and your country, *carissima signorina*," Gabrielle says. "Tell me about your *bella America*."

You see her eager smile and you understand that when it comes to dreams and hopes of friendship, teen-agers are the same all over the world. THE END

Your Own Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 26)

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 frying chicken | 3 tablespoons brown sugar |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 3 tablespoons catsup |
| 1 teaspoon chili powder | 2 tablespoons vinegar |
| ½ teaspoon red pepper | 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce |
| 1 teaspoon dry mustard | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 1 teaspoon paprika | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| ¼ teaspoon garlic powder | 4 tablespoons water |

Cut chicken into serving pieces. Combine remaining ingredients to make barbecue sauce. (This makes quite a hot sauce, so you may want to experiment with the quantities of the pungent seasonings until it suits your taste.) Place one heavy brown paper bag inside another; grease inside thoroughly. Dip pieces of chicken into sauce and coat well. Then put chicken and remaining sauce in bag. Fold opening over two or three times, fasten securely with staples or clips, and place in an uncovered roasting pan. Bake for 15 minutes at 500°; reduce heat to 350° and cook 1½ hours longer. Do not disturb while cooking. Serves 3 to 4.

Sent by FAY HAGEL,
 Lake Providence, Louisiana

TURKEY SUPREME

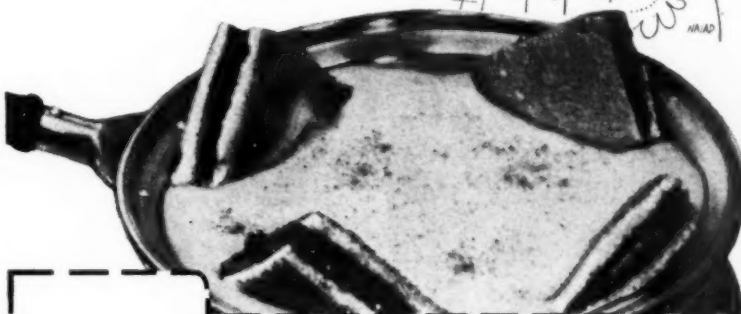
A really de luxe dish that uses leftover turkey or chicken.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 8 stalks cooked broccoli or asparagus | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 8 slices cooked turkey | 2 tablespoons flour |
| 6 tablespoons grated cheese | 1 cup milk |
| | ½ teaspoon salt |
| | Pepper to taste |

Keep a Recipe Scrapbook

Mother's Day Treat:

You fix Sunday night supper*
 from your own recipe scrapbook.



Tangy Cheese Rarebit

Add smooth, new flavor to this zesty main dish! Mix ½ c. *Best Foods* or *Hellmann's®* Mayonnaise with 1 tbs. flour. Slowly add 1 c. milk. Cook over hot water until thick. Add 2 c. grated American cheese, 1½ tsp. *Best Foods*

Mustard-with-Horseradish, ¼ tsp. Worcestershire sauce. Stir until cheese melts. Serve over toast sandwiches spread with mixture of one 3¼-oz. can sardines, mashed, 2 tbs. chopped parsley, 3 tbs. mayonnaise. (Serves 4.)



*Activity 13 for your Cook Proficiency Badge

... requires that "For a lunch, dinner, or supper you prepare, serve a hot main dish of fish, meat, cheese, or eggs." Make this *Tangy Cheese Rarebit* to complete this activity, then add the recipe to your troop or patrol recipe book!



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2. Dissolve thoroughly in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup very hot water.
3. Stir in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt until dissolved; then $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel.
4. Cool until slightly thicker than unbeaten egg white consistency.
5. Whip with rotary type beater until light and fluffy.
6. Add 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and continue beating until froth begins to hold its shape. (Time is shortened if bowl of mixture is placed in another of ice and water.)
7. Turn into large or individual molds and chill until firm.
8. Unmold and decorate with fresh fruit, berries, chocolate sauce, or one of soft custard, tinted with food coloring for contrast.
9. Makes 6 servings.

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Arrange broccoli or asparagus in shallow, oblong baking dish, sprinkle with half the cheese, and place turkey slices on top. Melt butter in saucepan, blend in flour, add milk gradually. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thickened. Add salt and pepper and cook 5 minutes. Pour sauce over turkey and sprinkle with remaining cheese. Bake at 325° about 20 minutes. Serves 4.

Sent by JENIFER ROBBINS,
Mamaroneck, New York

CHICKEN WITH BROWNED RICE

Marilyn won a prize for this in a contest at camp. It's a family recipe, to which each generation adds new touches. Turkey can be used instead of chicken.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 4 tablespoons butter | $\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked peas |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced onion | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced mushrooms (fresh or canned) | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper |
| 2 cups cooked rice | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon sage |
| 3 cups diced, cooked chicken | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg |
| | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chicken broth |

Melt butter; add onion, mushrooms, and rice. Cook over low heat until onion is tender and rice nicely browned. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Turn into a 3 quart casserole and bake 1 hour at 350°. Garnish with parsley. Serves 5 to 6.

Sent by MARILYN STEVENSON,
Cambridge, Massachusetts

PIGEON PIE

This is an old favorite of kings and commoners. The modern version is easy to make, but does require time.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 6 small pigeons | 8 cloves |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1 carrot, sliced |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley |
| 4 tablespoons butter or other fat | 2 tablespoons chopped celery |
| 2 tablespoons chopped onion | 2 tablespoons flour |
| | 1 recipe plain pastry |

August Recipe Exchange

Subject: Ice Cream and Frozen Desserts
Date Due: May 20

- The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the August issue must reach us by May 20.
- Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.
- JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, the AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper.
2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

Dress, wash, and dry pigeons. Tie legs and wings tightly against body. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in pan and saute pigeons, turning frequently to sear well on all sides. Cover with water. Add onion, cloves, carrot, parsley, and celery. Cover and simmer until tender, about 3 hours. Remove from broth, cool, and separate meat from bones. Melt remaining two tablespoons of butter, add flour, and stir until smooth. Stir in broth, and bring to a boil. Line a greased baking dish with pastry. Put in pigeon meat and pour over broth. Cover with pastry crust and bake in hot oven (450°) until crust is brown. Serve hot. Serves 6.

Sent by CLEO GRACE KELLEY,
Street, Maryland

SPANISH CHICKEN

Here is an out-of-the-ordinary dish that can make your reputation as a cook.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 4-pound chicken | 1 medium green pepper, chopped |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1 cup ripe olives, sliced |
| 1 bay leaf | 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce |
| 2 #2 cans cream-style corn | Dash salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched almonds, slivered | Dash cayenne pepper |
| 1 cup seedless raisins | Chili powder to taste |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ medium onion, minced | $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sharp yellow cheese, grated |

Boil the chicken whole. Put in kettle with enough water to half cover, add 1 teaspoon salt and bay leaf. Cover and cook slowly until tender. Let chicken cool in broth. Remove meat from bones, and cut into small pieces of equal size. (Save the broth to make soup.) Combine chicken with remaining ingredients, except cheese. Turn into greased casserole and sprinkle with cheese. Bake 1 hour at 350°. Serves 6.

Sent by SUZANNE TECHENTIN,
La Canada, California

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FEATURED ON PAGE 25

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Candy Dancers' Ball—Frankie Laine (Columbia)
Hambone—Frankie Laine & Jo Stafford (Columbia)
Low in the Lehigh Valley—Paul Weston (Columbia)
Make Believe Cowboy—Texas Rangers (MGM)
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—Guy Mitchell (Columbia)
Rock Candy Rock—Jimmie Allen (MGM)
Sunday Is My Day with You—Robert Q. Lewis (MGM)
Tulips and Heather—Bill Hayes (MGM)

There were so many good songs released this spring that the "Practically Perfect" list is considerably longer than usual. The ballads are smooth to dance to and the novelties are fun to hear. All these numbers are destined to be played often because they have lots of sparkle, so get acquainted now!

Popular music fans will enjoy Victor's new album called **Theme Songs** which features some of the nation's leading bands playing their respective musical signatures. Included are Vaughn Monroe, Tommy Dorsey, and Tex Beneke.

The Dell Trio's combination of organ, accordion, and guitar provides expressive arrangements of such old favorites as **Laura**, **Donkey Serenade**, and **September Song** in a recent Columbia album.

Newest of MGM's **Keyboard Kings'** collection is the offering of the Page Cavanaugh Trio, a half hour of pleasant listening which includes **I'll Remember April**, **Don't Blame Me**, and **Body and Soul**.

Art Mooney's **Sunset to Sunrise** album starts at **Three O'Clock in the Morning** and traces a musical path through **Moonglow**, to **At Dawning**. An album for dancing the wee small hours away! (MGM)

On the semiclassical side, the **Magic of Fina's Fingers**, featuring Jack Fina and his orchestra, contributes **Minute Waltz**, **Warsaw Concerto**, and **Malaguena** in a new MGM album.

Whenever people have no books, radios, or movies, they make up songs and dances to amuse themselves and to express their feelings. This is particularly true of isolated people like cowboys, lumberjacks, sailors, and mountaineers. They sing songs about their work, about their religions, about the people they know. The words don't always make much sense but the tune and the rhythm, the way the song is sung or the dance performed, are the important things. This music of the people is called folk music, and the individual songs are known as folk ballads.

One of the largest American groups to create these ballads were the plantation Negroes of the Old South. You are probably familiar with Negro spirituals like **Deep River** and **Swing Low, Sweet Chariot**. These folk songs are just a sample of the large body of music which these people made up and sang to their children and grandchildren through the years.

Folk music is usually passed on in this way until it is finally written down, many years after it is first sung.

Because America is young, we don't have as much folk music as European countries do. In a way, our cowboy, logging, and railroad songs are folk ballads telling about the experiences of these people. Modern Western singers like Hank Williams and Bob Wills, Roy Rogers and Gene Autry, and the versatile Burl Ives sing old cowboy and Spanish melodies handed down to tell about the loneliness of a cowboy's life.

The Negro baritone, William Warfield, has recorded five **Old American Songs** and **Five Sea Chanteys** which may be represented as American folk songs. The sea chanteys are work songs of the sailors of long ago. Their rhythms are rousing and lusty, fitted to the strenuous work of manning a sailing vessel. Mr. Warfield's grand voice is well suited to these expressive ballads. (Columbia)

Much of Stephen Foster's music was based on unwritten folk ballads of the Negro dockworkers and the traveling vaudeville artists. His songs have the spirit of the Old South. Kate Smith sings **Songs of Stephen Foster** for MGM. The album includes **Swanee River**, **Oh Susannah**, and **Massa's in De Cold, Cold Ground**.

America has a rich heritage of folk music. Her ballads are truly the voice of the people.

THE END

MacGregor TENNIS CLINIC

be a
NET WINNER
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TENNIS EQUIPMENT



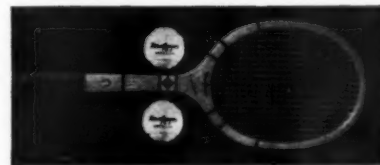
says
FRANK PARKER*

International Tennis Star

"To play top tennis, I recommend you do two things—

1. "Seek instruction from an experienced player. Learn the right things to do. And then practice plenty
2. "Make sure you play with the right equipment. I always use MacGregor equipment I've seen MacGregor rackets made and each has just the right 'feel' built in. Make the comparison test . . . Check the frame, the many-ply construction, super-strong throat and the appealing beauty. You'll choose MacGregor every time."

See these great rackets—including 5 Frank Parker models—at your local MacGregor tennis headquarters now.



*For twenty years Frank Parker has been a top U. S. tennis star. Starting at the age of 14, he ranked among the top ten U. S. players for seventeen straight years! High spots of Frank Parker's great record include every major U. S. tennis title plus many international titles in foreign lands, and he is the only living person ever to win the U. S. Boys', Juniors', and Men's Amateur titles.

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YES, RC MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE NEW!

Two full glasses in the BIG bottle!

Enjoy a frosty RC today!




Box to Bag

by HELEN WOLFE

The basis for the perky purse shown here is none other than a strawberry box! By following a few easy steps you can make a near-magical change from strawberry box to summer bag.

These are the materials you'll need:

- One strawberry box
- Two pieces of fabric, in contrasting colors, $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard by 1 yard each
- A bit of bright enamel to paint the box
- Small paintbrush
- Your very best brand of imagination

Choose a clean, sturdy box, raid your scrapbag for the fabric, borrow paint and paintbrush from Dad. (Or, invest in these last two items—paint

will cost less than 20 cents, the brush about 15 cents.) Then set up the sewing machine, and you're ready to make this smart accessory accent for your summer ensembles.

Because the cost involved is either nominal or nonexistent, you can well afford to have several bags in different shades with combinations of print and solid-colored fabrics. If you're planning to make a summer dress or two, why not use leftover material to create a matching bag? You'll find a strawberry-box bag roomy, light, easy to carry.

Fashioning your own bag is a good project for you during an idle hour or two on a lazy summer day, but don't stop there. As a group activity for your club or school or church bazaar, it can be profitable as well as fun.

To get the free, simple instructions send a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope to Box-to-Bag Editor, The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East 44 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

The Long and Short of It

(Continued from page 19)

successfully. Then it begins. Penny has plans. "I'd like to go to the Bijou," she says right off. "There's a lovely show there."

Sure, there's a swell show at the Bijou. There ought to be at those prices. Of course, you'd like to take her out to the best places if you could swing it; but let's face it, very few boys can afford such luxury. Thoughtful girls realize this and help out. They plan or find parties, club and school dances, and other kinds of entertainment that will not strain their dates' pocketbooks.

Naturally, the boy usually plans the date, so the girl should not suggest a change of plans unless there is a very good reason—like having seen the show before. But comes a dry spell in date ideas, and the boy asks for help in deciding what to do. A smart girl looks upon this as an indication that the boy values her advice. This might very well be a compliment, and she should not abuse it.

Most boys have to go without something to make up for the expense of a date, and they want a girl to be considerate enough to realize this. Penny didn't live up to her name. She was only interested in going out as grandly as she could, so not-so-wise Penny goes on the long list.

You invite Nancy to the school prom. On the way to the dance, you get that "how popular I am" routine. If she has to announce this, she's only whistling in the dark. Besides, you invited her because *you* like her, not because someone else likes her.

After Nancy runs that topic to the ground she begins the hero-worship stuff.

"Oh, isn't Gregory Peck handsome," she says. "What a man!" You thought Nancy accepted a date with you. You expected her to be interested enough to find out about you and your interests, and in turn you like Nancy enough to find out all you can about her.

That's the big, important point—you want your date to be interested in being with *you*, not just interested in being out on a date. Out comes your scroll, and Nancy joins the list of lassies who haven't made the grade.

Selma seems like a short-list girl. At least Selma isn't the talkative kind. She doesn't boast about her popularity or her heroes. The only trouble is that she just doesn't talk at all. The whole burden of the conversation is on you. If you ask the leading questions to start the ball rolling, you get "yes" or "no" for an answer. When you run out of things to say she comes out with, "What's the matter; can't you talk?"

There are a million things she could talk about that would interest both of you, but Selma takes this attitude: "You're taking me out; now entertain me." She doesn't know it's her duty to help make the evening a success. A sad case—Selma. No short list for her.

Well, going out by yourself has proved to be a tremendous flop. Perhaps if you tried a double date, things might be a little better. So, without wasting much time, you rig up a double date with Bill Evans and his girl, Ellen, and Paula and yourself.

In the beginning everything is smooth as silk, but it's too good to last. Paula begins to show off. She's not showing off because

she's naturally boisterous, but because Paula is obviously not sure of herself. She thinks that if she giggles a lot, and makes as much noise as she can, and gets into the act every chance she has (even if she doesn't belong there) she will be well liked. She's trying to be the life of the party and it sticks out like a sore thumb.

Bill Evans has his troubles too—only worse. Ellen is Bill's date, but it is very obvious that she's really interested in you. Sure, it's good for your ego, but you still don't like it. It's not fair to Bill, who is spending time and money to be with Ellen. The least she could do is try to make his evening pleasant. So far Ellen has only displayed that she is selfish, fickle, and lacks consideration for everyone in the party. You wouldn't take her out on a bet.

At the end of the evening, after your date is over, Bill and you cry into a cup of coffee at the lunch wagon and enter two names each on the old long list.

By now you don't feel very much like going out with girls, but you try just one more—Sally.

Sally meets you at the door on time; she's neatly dressed and doesn't overdo the war paint. When you ask where she'd like to go, she suggests a place that is light on your pocketbook. Sally talks to you all evening about herself and you. She does not dominate the conversation, nor does she let it lag.

Toward the end of the evening you take her in for a bite to eat, and here is where she really shines. She says, "There are so many luscious things on the menu that it's hard to decide. What will you have?" Then, after she has heard your choice, she knows what price range you can afford and orders accordingly. A very clever and considerate girl.

Sally could also have ordered lightly the first time and learned by your choice of food how close to Fort Knox you happen to live.

As you say good night to her at her door she tells you warmly and sincerely that she has had a good time. By now you are really sold on Sally, and you try to kiss her good night; but she draws tactfully away and shakes her head.

You're a little peeved as you walk away from Sally's house because your ego has been knocked dead, but by the time you have reached your own house, you have thought things out a bit. You don't go out with a girl for the kiss at the end of the evening. You go out with her for the fun during the evening and for the pleasure of her company.

If Sally didn't kiss you so easily, she probably won't be kissing all the other boys either. You like Sally and Sally seems to like you, so you feel that if the friendship grows there will be room for a good-night kiss in the future. You have something to look forward to and just one more reason to go back.

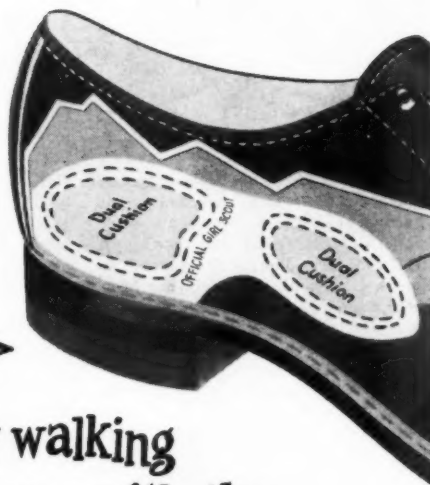
At last you've found a girl who deserves to be on the short list. She is well-groomed, considerate of you as a person and considerate of your purse, a good companion and, best of all, Sally showed a genuine interest in being with you just because of you.

You take out a small piece of paper, wet the indelible pencil, and in big bold letters you write: **SHORT LIST—SALLY, WHAT A GIRL!**

THE END

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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a new walking comfort is yours with the exclusive **Dual CUSHION Heel**

MODERN AGE
OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT AND
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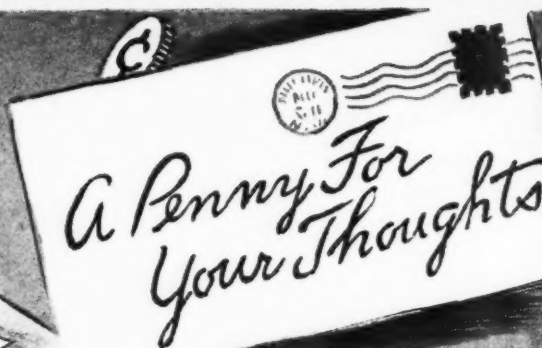
\$8.95
*slightly higher
in Far West*

also in Official
Brownie Scout
Sizes 12½ to 3
\$7.45



It's not an official shoe unless it is marked "Girl Scout."

by CURTIS • STEPHENS • EMBRY CO., INC., Reading, Pennsylvania



MONTREAL, CANADA: I think your magazine is super! *Double Date* is an excellent serial. I can hardly wait for the magazine each month. *The Campaign* was very good and I also liked *The Hero and the Drip*.

As I am a Girl Guide, *All Over the Map* is a big help. It is interesting to know what Girl Scouts and Guides all over the world are doing. The good-grooming tips also are very helpful and the fashions are adorable.

NANCY JUBIEN (age 14)

SALEM, OREGON: I am a Girl Scout in Troop 32. We are working on the good-grooming badge. The articles on good grooming have helped me a lot. While working on the cooking badge the Recipe Exchange helped me also. I'm interested in nursing and liked "Be Prepared" especially well in the January, December, and November issues.

I loved the March cover. It was so cute. I like the fashions very well. Mother is going to make a lot of them for me.

ANN MARIE CATES (age 11)

CINCINNATI, OHIO: I am a member of Girl Scout Troop 398. We have been working on many badges in the homemaking field and find *THE AMERICAN GIRL* articles a great help. Thanks for a swell magazine.

DIANE LOCKWOOD

BADEN, PENNSYLVANIA: I think *By You* is the best addition that has ever been made to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I enjoyed *To Each His Own* by Shirley Lynn Scott very much. We are writing poems and short stories in our English classes and this department gives me some ideas. Could you have some articles on art? I enjoyed the one you had on posters a long time ago. It helped me very much in a poster contest.

JO ANNE ROSS (age 16)

NORWALK, OHIO: The story *Double Date* is just wonderful. I have read one of Rosamond du Jardin's other books and in both I have enjoyed the way she brings teen-agers to life.

In a recent travel project, we were to picture clothes we would take on a trip. All mine were taken from *THE AMERICAN GIRL* fashions. I think they are tops.

JOYCE COMER (age 15)

LAWTON, MICHIGAN: When the March issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* came I was in bed with a cold. Ah, I thought. Some good jokes will pep me up. So what did I do? I looked through the book four times before I decided that there just weren't any! And was I mad!

I liked *The Campaign* by Ernie Rydberg very much. And, boy, did I ever like *The*

Hero and the Drip! That was just about the best short story I have ever read.

I didn't like *Volley that Ball* very much, but it was okay. I dearly love *By You*. I think that it gives us a chance to show if we have any talent.

I have taken this wonderful magazine for quite a while and, believe it or not, the other day I found someone who had never heard of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Well, after I closed my mouth and recovered from the shock I asked why she had never read it and didn't she know anyone who took it. Well, to the surprise of everybody who was there, she said, "I have been in a concentration camp since I was eleven and there we did not get a chance to read much." I gave her all of my back magazines. And was she happy! A few days later she told me how much she liked the book and what she thought of the patterns, and the *Jokes* she especially liked!

COLLETTE GURNSEY (age 15)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: An answer to my dreams—I found it in the March issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*! I am the fourth-term representative of my high school and have been worrying about what to do for my term. The article *Volley That Ball*! was the answer. We are now having interclass volleyball tournaments after school.

SANDY WOLFF (age 15)

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: Your article on volleyball helped me a lot because in school we are playing it and I've been aching for some information on it.

MARJORIE STIEM (age 11)

OXFORD, NEW YORK: I really like your serial, *Double Date*, very well. I open to *A Penny for Your Thoughts* first each month when I get my new edition.

I have rheumatic fever right now and I know I won't go back to school this year. As I lie in bed *THE AMERICAN GIRL* keeps me very much amused. As I am a Girl Scout I enjoy your articles on Scouts very much.

DORIS WEAVER (age 11)

JUNCTION CITY, OREGON: Your whole magazine, for the five years I have read it, has been interesting and wholesome, but since you added the *By You* pages it has seemed more friendly than before. My English pen pal also enjoys my copies very much.

Thank you for such a swell story as *The Campaign*. My close friend is adopted and I think your story might help her a lot. Also *Double Date* is one of the best serials you've had.

SHIRLEY GRISWOLD (age 17)

BATH, MAINE: I am a Curved Bar Scout of Troop 8. I am also a patrol leader. Your magazine is grade "A" in Girl Scout articles. *Will This Fit You?* was a very good article. I hope to become a nurse, too. *Speaking of Movies* is excellent. *Boys Don't Bite* gets all my cheers. The department called *Books* is very good. I have read many of the books you have told about.

Double Date is the best serial yet. I think Penny will win Mike. I have enjoyed *A Penny for Your Thoughts* more since you had a new heading.

PATRICIA PARKS (age 12)

WALL LAKE, IOWA: I think your March *Prize Purchase* is better than you have had in a long time. I think your ideas on new clothes are simply terrific.

I very much enjoy your *Teen Shop Talk*, for it gives you very useful hints on various things. *Double Date* is very good, but the month you have to wait for it is drastic.

All Over the Map is very interesting. I don't belong to the Girl Scouts, but I am very interested in it.

MYRNA TEBBEN (age 12)

WINDOM, KANSAS: There is no school today because of a snowstorm. I go to a country school. I am in the seventh grade. I am all alone in my class. We just have eight months of school.

I enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL* very much. My mother enjoys the stories and the Girl Scout news. I am not a Girl Scout, but I belong to 4-H. I love the fashions pages as there are many beautiful styles. The *By You* is very interesting to read. I plan to draw a picture to send to you.

JANET ROSE JOHNSON (age 12)

REDWOOD FALLS, MINNESOTA: We are two Girl Scouts of Troop 66 and think your magazine is tops, as it helps us with our badges.

Pauline likes the fashions and patterns, although she likes music features the best.

Mary liked *Ana Paula* and the *Golden Horse* and *Simple Snowplow*, since her two main interests are riding her palomino horse and skiing.

We both think the stories are marvelous, especially *The Campaign* and *The Hero and the Drip* in your March issue. We are looking forward eagerly to the conclusion of *Double Date*. *Speaking of Movies* helps us choose the movies we'd like to attend.

As you can see, we are very different, but we do agree your magazine is super.

PAULINE NIEMANN (age 13)

MARY WINTER (age 12)

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE: *Sense About Scents* helped me very much and so do your other articles about good grooming.

My cousin has been in the hospital for several weeks and I have been sending her copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. She is enjoying *Double Date* very much since she is a twin herself. LOUISE HARVEY (age 12)

MASSILLON, OHIO: I just adore the dress Michelle Cox modeled on the cover of the March issue. In fact, I have chosen it to be my Easter dress. I hope you will continue to have such darling fashions in your magazine that are available at stores near my home. DONNA THOMAS (age 12)

BELLEROSSE, NEW YORK: In my opinion, the feature *By You* is best of all. I have contributed many times to the art department and I hope someday one of my drawings will win. Certainly, the picture that won first award in the March issue was worthy of it.

I pay strict attention to the good-grooming articles. *Sense About Scents* and *That Band-box Look* are particularly helpful. I think this month's *Prize Purchase* is very cute.

Our family goes for fudge, especially my younger brother. I tried the recipe for chocolate "Philly" fudge, and it made a big hit. JOCELYN SYMINGTON (age 13)

LEVITTOWN, NEW YORK: Your serial, *Double Date*, is the best I have read.

I have started an *AMERICAN GIRL* club, and we have lots of fun. Most of our members are getting, or plan to get, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. We use it as a sort of mascot.

Your patterns are simply lush. That article *Will This Fit You?* was very handy to me because I want to be a nurse.

So far all the movies you have listed that I saw I thought were tops. *That Band-box Look* certainly made me fly into action. LOTTIE WIDMAIN (age 13)

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: I am planning a garden this summer and your article, *Guide for Gardeners*, in the March issue was excellent and very helpful to me! Keep up the good grooming articles for they are terrific. JEANETTE FORTUNA (age 13)

NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND: I have an American girl as a pen friend. She sends me the magazine which I enjoy. I am a Girl Guide and very interested in what the Girl Scouts do. *Double Date* is a lovely story. The dress patterns are also nice. I am hoping Mummy will have some made for me. I love cooking and like to see the American recipes. The *Jokes* have been getting dull in the last few issues. WENDY JEFFERY (age 13)

MONTPELIER, VERMONT: *Teen-Ager* . . . *British Style* was very interesting, especially since I have a pen pal in Scotland.

I'm a Girl Scout so I enjoy your Girl Scout articles. Even if I weren't a Girl Scout the articles would interest me.

A part of our Girl Scout Troop is working on the good-grooming badge. *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has helped us greatly. Every magazine except one had an article which we are now using!

LINDA DAVIS (age 13)

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

TEEN-TYPES

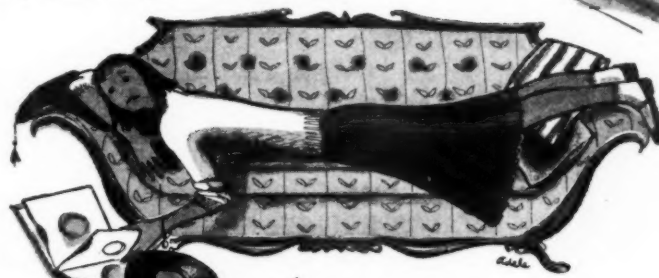
The heavy siren:

She's just too, too bored no matter what the crowd does. Sits looking mysterious . . . dressed like a femme fatale. Who's she kidding? You know she's just your age.



The helpless kitten:

She can't even cross the street without clinging to the nearest male. Appealing? No, pretty appalling. Why doesn't she get wise . . . get 1952!



The moaner:

She's always sorry for herself . . . but on "those days," she's really in the dumps. Time she got hep to the sharp little book "Growing Up and Liking It."



Every Teen

should read this book, for the wise, interesting things it has to say about menstruation. Tells how to stay at your best every day. Gives detailed physical facts, "do's" and "don't's" and tips on poise, health and beauty. And P.S.: it's free, from the makers of Modess.

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Box 35-A PAWNEE, OKLAHOMA

A Voice Is Heard (Continued from page 18)

we were so much alike." Handsome Riaz Mahmood, who is captain of his cricket team in Lahore, Pakistan, had no trouble getting into the swim of things at the home of Colin Campbell of New Caanan. "In fact," said Riaz, "I find myself joking . . . with as much vigor as the American students themselves."

How did the American teen-agers feel about the delegates from such far places as Burma, India, Iran, Indonesia, Syria, Singapore, Thailand? Well, for one thing, they peppered their guests with questions: "Do you really live in bamboo huts in tree-tops in Thailand?" "Where is Indonesia, anyway?" "Do you ride elephants in India?"

Gentle-mannered Myrtle Dorai Raj of India could not resist poking a little fun at her American friends on the subject of elephants. "I explained, of course, that we have taxicab elephants in India—two rupees for the first mile and one rupee for every additional quarter mile. The parking space is ten by eight, and we tie them to the parking meters by their tails. We dye them all colors to match our saris." Even Myrtle had to burst into laughter at her tall story.

Perhaps Tamar Aschner of Israel felt the closest kinship with her American friends. Tamar is nineteen and a trainee in her nation's special army unit which combines military training and agricultural work. She is a serious young woman with a thoughtful and sensitive face who is anxious to pioneer in building her country. Tamar said, "Thinking about America's history, it often seems to me that Israel is like your country—in miniature, of course. Having studied about your pioneering ancestors, you can picture very easily the way we act and feel."

American friendliness was indeed the keynote of all the meetings; then came eagerness to learn, to begin to build a real relationship among the young people of these nations. In turn, the Asian and Middle Eastern boys and girls sought to know and understand us.

Although American food seemed quite strange to almost all of them at first, many of our dishes became great favorites. Lathifah Sabarudin, who is an active member of the Indonesian Girl Scouts, particularly developed great fondness for our foods—especially spaghetti and pizza pie. And ice cream and cake, Lathifah confessed, would surely be her downfall! After seeing how American families conduct themselves during the dinner hour she also felt that she would like to see a little more American-style conversation at mealtime in Indonesia. Indonesian boys and girls, because of their very formal attitude toward their parents, do not often speak while at the table.

Americans discovered that dining customs are quite different in Asian countries. Families in Nepal sit on cushions on the floor all in a row, eat with their fingers (but use only the right hand). In some feudalistic homes in Japan the custom of the mother and children eating alone in the kitchen while only the father eats with guests is still sometimes observed.

Streamlined, gleaming kitchens, labor-saving devices, frozen foods—all these were greeted with "ohs" and "ahs."

"But," frowned Tamar of Israel, "hurry, hurry, hurry! Americans are always in such

a hurry!"

Marwan Sadat of Syria is a good example of how all the delegates felt about Western dress. Although he brought along a typical Bedouin costume—hooded, voluminous embroidered cloak, that made romantic pictures of camels, barren deserts, and tents run through your mind—he seldom wears one. Marwan wears the Western-style suit he and his fellow students prefer because it is more comfortable and better suited to the active lives they now live—knife-creased trousers, jacket, white shirt, snappy bow tie.

All of the delegates, of course, wore their native dress from time to time, and when they gathered together for a party or reception the array of fabrics, styles, and colors was breathtakingly beautiful: Sophie Cho's Burmese gown of ivory satin encrusted with tiny brilliants and gold braid; Kayoko Saito's flame-colored Japanese kimono with its obi (wide sash) and giant butterfly bow; the graceful, sheer-as-mist saris in shades from yellow to brilliant purple worn by the Indian, Indonesian, and Pakistan girls; the smart, simply-cut tunic favored by Alice Tay, the Chinese girl from Singapore who hopes always to alternate Chinese and Western clothes to suit both sides of her personality. But slender, modern Salika "Sali" Supol of Thailand was overjoyed when her hostess gave her a pair of blue jeans to wear. Sali smiled the wide mischievous smile which made her whole face light up. "My mother made me leave mine at home in Bangkok."

Many of our family customs—for instance, our easy show of affection, the quick way we shake hands, and our practice of kissing our parents—are unknown to teen-agers in China and Japan. And there was some feeling among the delegates that United States teen-agers were a bit *too* free and easy. Such expressions as "Don't be silly, Dad" would definitely be frowned on in the East where the relationship between parents and children is much more reserved. But, most of all, the students were puzzled, amazed, and somewhat wary of what they termed an "American tribal custom"—dating.

Here is what they thought and said:

"It seems very strange to us," remarked Alice Tay.

"Most of us wouldn't see any fun in it. When we go out we go mostly in groups. When we go to a dance, we don't dance the whole evening with one boy the way you do it here, which is very boring." (Lathifah was most emphatic about this.)

Purificacion Valera of the Philippines found this mildly shocking: "While walking down the school corridor on my first day in the States I saw a sight that nearly took my breath away. Boys and girls holding hands!"

"In Nepal," said Bhinda, "a girl would never dream of going out on a single date. The reason we do not have dating is that our parents arrange our marriages for us. Though we do not know our husbands before we get married, our marriages turn out successfully."

If dating was something they did not particularly want to see in their homelands, almost every student admired and envied the schools and the system of education in the United States. On the whole, in the Far and Middle East studies are very academic; there is much memorizing, and they have

very few of the open discussions American students are privileged to enjoy. They study longer, have more homework, and carry many more subjects than we do in this country. They thought our libraries and lab equipment "amazing."

Colin Campbell, a Connecticut teen-ager who wants to go into the diplomatic service, was quick to point out an educational shortcoming that exists in America and all over the world. "When Riaz came to stay at my home I only knew that Pakistan was a new country that split off from India in the midst of much bloodshed. My textbooks were no help. They were written before Pakistan was born. Maybe if all of us who were hosts and friends to these students had learned in school how alike we are—instead of how different—it would not have taken us so long to break down the barriers to friendship. My geography-book statistics about average rainfall and principal exports and pictures of veiled women and wandering cows and bamboo houses weren't very much help to me when I sat waiting to meet my guest from Pakistan. Perhaps the UNESCO idea for a common textbook for all of us would be a steppingstone for the greater understanding we all want."

And it is this understanding and how to develop it that seemed closest and most important to both Americans and their guests. Most of these young people had come from "new" countries and had experienced privation and struggle. Ami Tal, for instance, had been a member of the Israeli underground when he was fourteen. Almost all of them had had their schooling interrupted. They have taken time to think, to plan, as you have done. They have envisioned the world they want and they have plans for bringing it about.

"The first thing is better teaching in all our schools about other countries," said Hameeda Akhund of Pakistan, who is as beautiful as she is brilliant. Hameeda speaks and writes English fluently. "Wars breed on hatred. We hate things we fear. We fear things we do not understand. Prejudice is the basis of most misunderstandings. And most prejudice is based on ignorance. The first place to fight ignorance is, of course, in school."

"I like to believe that many racial conflicts have been dissolved in the course of the Second World War," added Chung.

"If we could get over our religious prejudices, then we would be able to hurdle one of the greatest barriers to world peace!" said dramatic, fiery Purita of the Philippines. When Purita goes back home she is going on what she calls a "real crusade for world peace with the co-operation of youth." (All of the delegates believe they will take back new ideas, fresh viewpoints; correct mistaken beliefs about America.) Purita plans to try to improve schools in her islands by bringing modern Western methods to the attention of school boards. Another idea is to organize a World Club in her town (like one she saw in action here), so that she and her friends might exchange ideas constantly with teen-agers in other lands. One of the best things that could possibly happen, Purita thought, would be an increase in "exchange students." "Please," she urged, "send us more of your students to live in our countries."

Ami Tal believes the youth movements proving so successful in his country, Israel, would be a good thing. And Ami said: "One

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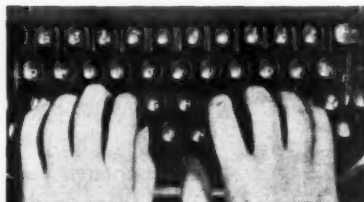


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idea I had—to give us more of a chance to be a part of things—is for a Junior U. N."

"Do you think it would be possible for every delegate to the United Nations to have two junior apprentices attached to him, a boy and a girl?" Purita interrupted excitedly. "The reason for two is that if there were only one, boys might get priority. The apprentices should represent youth organizations in each country and they shouldn't only listen. The U. N. should set aside a special program once a year to discuss the youth reports and not just ignore them. In this way youth could have a voice, and in this way youth could be helped to get that important thing 'world consciousness'."

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THE END

Doubtful Dog

(Continued from page 13)

fence so Tyke can have the back yard to play in," Gail's father promised that night. "He'll be happier with a place to run."

A short length of picket fence from each side of the house to the fence which already surrounded three sides of the lot was installed a few days later. The back yard seemed an ideal playground for a lively wire-haired terrier.

"Tyke ought to be happier here than he was with Miss Bascom," Gail said. "She lived in an apartment, and he always had to go out on a leash."

Sometimes Tyke did seem happy enough in the days which followed. Gail felt he was fond of her. He always rushed to meet her at the gate when she arrived from school. He seemed delighted to go walking with her and capered gaily at the end of his leash. Gail felt very proud leading the beautiful dog around the neighborhood and introducing him to her friends. Everybody admired him enthusiastically.

But at other times Tyke seemed moody. "He won't make friends with me, and he mopes all the time you're at school," Gail's mother told her. "I try to be nice to him for your sake. I know how fond you are of him and how much you want to keep him."

"He mopes even when I'm home sometimes," Gail admitted mournfully. "He acts as if he were just visiting here—waiting for Miss Bascom to come and take him home again."

"It isn't so easy for a grown dog to settle into a new home as for a puppy," Gail's father said thoughtfully. "But I'm sure care and kindness will win him over in the end."

One day Gail had a disquieting letter from Miss Bascom. "I hope you'll let me know how Tyke is getting along and whether he's well and happy," Tyke's former owner wrote. "If I didn't know how much you love him, I'd be doubly sorry I parted with him. I didn't realize how much the little fellow meant to me until I had left him behind. My sister isn't fond of animals, but I think

Tyke wouldn't bother her and as it turns out, there is plenty of room here for him." Miss Bascom didn't actually say she wanted Tyke back, but Gail thought she could read that fact between the lines of the letter.

"But I love you, too, Tykie," Gail whispered into the shaggy ear. "You'll forget Miss Bascom. You'll love me just as much as you loved her after a while—won't you?"

Gail did everything she could think of to win the terrier's affections. She played with him and petted him, took him for walks and threw sticks for him. She bought him a rubber bone and a ball of his own. She stopped at the meat counter in the nearby market every afternoon to pick up the bone which Mr. Wilks, the butcher, kindly saved for him.

Fortunately Tyke had gentlemanly ways around the house and there was little need for scolding him. Gail deferred her plans for educating Tyke to walk "at heel" and perform tricks until such time as he had learned to love and trust her completely.

That time seemed slow in coming. "Be patient. You're doing your best. And it's hard on Tyke, too, you know," Gail's father advised her.

One day Tyke dug under the new fence pickets and disappeared. The new manager of the bookshop telephoned to tell Gail he was there. Gail stopped the hole under the fence with big rocks and later her father reinforced it with chicken-wire fencing, buried a foot beneath the surface.

A few days later Tyke escaped through the front door when Mrs. Warren opened it to a visitor. That evening Gail and her father recovered him from the janitor of the apartment house where Miss Bascom had lived.

It was discouraging. "It's awful to think that Tyke feels he's a prisoner here," Gail wailed.

"It's dangerous for him to wander around the city alone," her mother added. "He may be run over, or stolen. He's a valuable dog."

As the days passed and Tyke seemed to grow more satisfied with his new home, Gail's hopes rose. Then one afternoon, a month after his coming, Tyke was gone again.

"He must have jumped the fence," Mrs. Warren told Gail when she came home from school.

Gail scoured the neighborhood, calling and whistling. She telephoned to the bookshop and to the apartment house which had once been Tyke's home, but could not locate him. After dinner she and her father drove around the neighborhood again in wider and wider circles, visited the apartment house and the bookshop. The shop was closed and no handsome wire-haired terrier was waiting beside the door. Nobody in the apartment house remembered having seen Tyke that day. Gail tried to keep back the tears as they drove homeward at last. Her father looked troubled and serious.

"I think you had better find out if Miss Bascom won't let us ship Tyke to her when we find him, Gail," he said. "I'm afraid he's too much of a one-man—or one-woman—dog to change owners. You don't want to keep him if he isn't happy with you, do you?"

"No"—Gail could not keep back the tears any longer—"no, I don't want to be a jailer! If—if Tyke isn't happy, I'll have to give him back."

Her father patted her shoulder comfortingly. "I'll buy you another wire-haired terrier," he promised. "A puppy that will grow up feeling he belongs to you."

Gail spent a miserable night and it was hard to keep her mind on her lessons in school next day. She raced home at noon, hoping Tyke might have been located. But there was no news.

"Where can he have gone? What can have happened to him?" Gail sobbed.

Mrs. Warren shook her head. "I don't see how he could ever find his way to Miss Bascom in Kansas City. Poor little fellow! He could hunt for years without locating her at that distance."

Gail nodded miserably. "Tyke couldn't find his way there, because he's never been there. Oh, I wish I had sent him to Miss Bascom. I'd know he was safe and happy if I'd done that when I found out he didn't love me enough to want to stay with me."

"You can send him to Miss Bascom if we find him," Mrs. Warren said. "He still may be returned."

But a week went by with no answer to the advertisement Mr. Warren had put in the newspapers. Nobody came to the house leading a black-and-white wire-haired terrier with a brown ear. Nobody claimed the offered reward.

It was a miserable week for Gail. Each night she went to bed wondering where Tyke could be, what could have happened to him. The thought of the small lonely animal wandering endlessly, uselessly, in search of the mistress he loved and would not willingly be parted from, broke Gail's heart.

Maybe he'll show up again at the bookshop or the apartment house, Gail thought. But Tyke did not do so.

It was almost two weeks after his disappearance that Gail woke in the middle of a restless dream.

It couldn't be Tyke barking! Now that she listened, all was still. It was just dreaming, Gail decided unhappily.

Then she sat up, wide awake. There was a dog barking, not very loud. It was really more of a whimper than a bark, and it seemed to come from the porch below her open bedroom window.

Gail padded downstairs quietly, so as not to wake her parents. She opened the front door a crack and peered out.

Something was lying on the door mat—something that looked like a dog. But it was far too thin and far too dark-colored to be Tyke.

Suddenly Gail threw the door wide. The strange-looking animal had Tyke's eyes, and they were burning up at her with hope and love.

Gail gathered the miserable creature into her arms, half-laughing, half-sobbing. "Tykie! Tykie!" It was all she could say.

"THERE can be no doubt he was stolen," Mr. Warren said next morning. "That gnawed-through piece of rope on his collar shows he was tied up somewhere. The condition in which he reached here shows he traveled a long way." He looked at the worn pads, the half-healed scratches on Tyke's paws. "He made a long, hard trip to get back, Gail."

"Back here! To me! He didn't go to the apartment or the bookshop. He came back to me!"

Gail felt as if she would never stop smiling. Only she wanted to cry, too, as Tyke pressed his nose into her hand. She might never know who had stolen him nor how far the thief had taken him. But she knew Tyke was her dog now—and always.

THE END

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All Over the Map

Headline News in Girl Scouting

St. Cloud Times Photo



"Many happy returns!" say St. Cloud, Minnesota, Girl Scouts as they present their Boy Scout Birthday cake

As the first community organization in Norwalk, Connecticut, to sponsor and recruit donors for a complete bloodmobile session, the Girl Scouts of that city have carried out successfully an outstanding community-service activity.

Every adult member of the Norwalk Girl Scout organization was asked to donate personally a pint of blood, or to secure one donor if unable to contribute herself. Every Brownie, Intermediate, and Senior Scout was asked to secure at least one signed pledge from a member of her family or from friends. The quota they had offered to meet, for one session of the bloodmobile, was 150 donors. When all the cards were in, the Girl Scouts found that they had secured 325 pledges! This meant that in addition to meeting their quota for one session, they had pledged for more than half the number needed for a second bloodmobile.

The girls, however, did much more than secure signed pledges. On the day of the session, Intermediate and Senior Scouts, in spick-and-span uniforms, reported for duty at the bloodmobile. They worked in relays, checking hats and coats; acting as baby sitters in a special room provided for children parents had brought with them. The girls helped in the canteen, answered telephones, served as messengers, and went out with units of the Red Cross Motor Corps on trips to pick up donors or return them to their homes.



Photo by Leon H. Cassity

A lively Virginia Reel breaks the ice at the overnight party given by Troop 11, Effingham, Illinois, in the Girl Scout lodge

Dr. Kendall Emerson, chairman of the Norwalk blood program, said: "The marvelous success of the blood bank sponsored by the Girl Scouts brought enormous satisfaction to the Norwalk Chapter, and your efforts are greatly appreciated by all of us."

In Bradenton, Florida, Troop 13 is co-operating with the blood-donor program by securing two donor pledges each month for the bloodmobile. This troop of Senior Service Scouts of the Gulfside Area

Council has a fine program of community-service activity. One of their special interests is a home for crippled children, where they have found many opportunities to be of help. The girls made puppets and wrote a play for them with which they entertained the children; to the youngsters' delight, the girls gave them the puppets after the show. A record party at the home was also a great success, and fun for the Scouts as well as for the children. Jigsaw puzzles are especially enjoyed by these children, and the girls have made a large collection for them. They have also collected quantities of Christmas cards which the youngsters use to make calendars and scrapbooks. Have you heard of "button boards"? They are used to teach crippled children to button their own clothes, and Troop 13 has made a number of these for the home. A Christmas party for twenty-five underprivileged children was another project that brought pleasure to the Seniors as well as their guests, several of whom had never before been to a party.

A long-term project of the troop is a sight-seeing trip they hope to make this summer. They have found all sorts of interesting ways to earn funds for the trip, some of which may suggest ideas for other troops. An Hawaiian booth at an international friendship bazaar netted them a nice sum; at the community's De Soto Parade in March they sold balloons; a Leap Year

dance for teen agers which they sponsored was a success financially and socially.

Another pleasant and profitable money-raising idea was a doll show sponsored by the Girl Scouts of Westminster, (Metropolitan Denver) Colorado, to raise funds for their Juliette Low World Friendship Fund.

An entry fee was charged for each doll. A total of two hundred and twenty-one dolls were shown—antique dolls, storybook dolls, bride dolls, just plain dolls. In the group of foreign dolls two particularly interesting entries were small dolls made by native girls on the island of Tinian, in the Pacific. Prizes were given for the best doll in each division, and the grand prize was awarded to a china doll about sixty years old. There were so many beautiful and unusual entries that the judges found it hard to choose the winners.

During the evening, the Scouts put on a program of songs, dances, and musical selections, and an exhibition of baton twirling. Candy, popcorn balls, cupcakes, candy apples, coffee, and punch, all made by the girls, were sold, and the profits added to the Juliette Low Fund.

One day last spring when the girls of Troop 120 in Hammond, Indiana, gathered for their regular meeting, they found their leader busily digging in her front yard, planting bulbs.

"What are those things?" "Couldn't we help?" "Which end goes down?" were some of their questions. The leader told them she was planting gladioli bulbs; that they could help; showed them how to place the bulbs. Then and there, the girls decided that gardening was going to be a major troop activity. One of their very first projects was planting flowers around the lodge at their troop camp, when they went out for an overnight stay.

Encouraged by their leader, parents, and the troop committee, the girls began to plan for their own gardens. A garden enthusiast invited the troop to his home and showed them color films of prize dahlias and gladioli. He helped the girls start their own home gardens, gave them seeds and bulbs, and dropped around regularly after the gardens



Hardworking, smiling Girl Scouts of Norwalk, Connecticut, helping at the bloodmobile they sponsored, prove that "A Girl Scout is cheerful"

Photo by Bart Fay

were started to check on their progress. A local garden club helped with suggestions and advice, and taught the girls how to make attractive flower arrangements and corsages.

Their reward came in the fall, when the troop had a full table exhibit at the annual Hammond Garden Show. Their exhibit brought them the Special Merit Award, a blue ribbon, and twenty individual awards. But the proudest moment of all for the troop was one afternoon during the show when, at a ceremony on the stage of the Civic Center, they received their Home Gardener badges.

During the Girl Scouts' open house for the Community Chest Board, the troop had another exhibit, featuring a seed-pod merry-go-round and cigar-box landscapes.

Gardeniing has been the Open, Sesame! to many related activities for these girls. One of the most interesting was a visit to the Indiana Botanic Gardens, where herbs are raised for shipment to every part of the world. From all over the world, too, herbs are sent to the gardens, and the girls made the acquaintance of Chinese peppermint, the marshmallow plant, pineapple mint, lamb's-tongue, Rocky Mountain grape, and many others. They learned how herbs are used in cooking, and were told how the Indians long ago made medicines from roots and herbs.

During the winter months, the many different kinds of cacti have proved fascinating to study, and the troop also has become interested in miniature gardens and landscapes. With the first whiff of spring, however, they were out and digging, making ready for another summer of work and fun.

✿ "Reading maketh a full man," says the adage. Omaha, Nebraska, Girl Scouts have found that it can be an exciting adventure, too. The Reader badge is a very popular one with these girls. One reason for their interest in this badge is the fact that the head of the book department in a local store, a former Girl Scout leader, is keenly interested in helping the girls as they work on the badge requirements.

A special occasion is made of the presentation, each spring, of the Reader badges.

Parents are invited to a party in the auditorium of the store, at which an outstanding author of books for young people talks about books and writing, and presents each girl with her Reader badge. For many of them it is not the climax of a season's badge work, but the beginning of a hobby that pays lifelong dividends.

✿ An overnight party helped the girls of Troop 11 of Effingham, Illinois with their Hostess badge work, and was lots of fun as well. With their leader and some of the mothers on hand in case of emergency, the girls entertained a group of Girl Scouts and two leaders from nearby Teutopolis at the Effingham Girl Scout lodge. The Effingham Scouts planned the menus, the table decorations, and the entertainment for their guests. Cooking and washing up were not chores at all, with each of the hostess Scouts pitching in to help. Games and square dancing made the evening pass all too quickly. But when the word was given for lights out the girls—and the grown-ups, too—found that they were quite ready to climb into the comfortable, double-deck bunks. Guests and hostesses voted the affair one of their nicest Scout activities.

The recently completed Girl Scout lodge in Effingham was a real community project. It was built on a corner of the community park with the help of parents, friends, and businessmen, who contributed advice, building materials, and labor. The Effingham Girl Scouts are looking forward to many good times in the new building.

Some of the lovely entries in the doll show arranged by the Girl Scouts of Westminster, Colorado



Westminster Journal Photo

✿ A cake is absolutely necessary to the proper celebration of any birthday, decided Girl Scout Troop 3 of St. Cloud, Minnesota. So the girls took spoons and measuring cups and sifters in hand and proceeded to make a cake for the Boy Scout birthday celebration. Every member of the troop helped, and when the beautifully decorated cake was ready, it was presented to two representatives of the local Boy Scouts by twin-sister Girl Scouts.

As their "good turn," the Boy Scouts voted to take the cake to the St. Cloud Orphans Home, for a special treat for the children there. Needless to say, it was eaten to the last crumb, and has made many new friends for the Boy and Girl Scouts.

✿ International Friendship is an important part of Girl Scouting in Toledo, Ohio. An international encampment at Camp Libbey last summer was attended by Canadian, French, Estonian, and Hungarian girls, as well as girls from the United States. The campers exchanged ideas on the things that interest girls everywhere—Scouting, school, dress, food, among others. They ate new and strange dishes; learned dances of different countries; played games of many nations. All got on famously together.

The members of Wing Scout Troop 102 have served as ushers at meetings of the United Nations Association in Toledo; have taken part in panel discussions on international questions; have been on radio-program forums on the UN and international affairs. Through correspondence and exchange visits, these Wing Scouts have become friends with the girls of a Ranger Guide troop in Windsor, Canada. The Rangers and the Wing Scouts have spent a week end together in Detroit, visiting interesting places like Jack Miner's Bird Sanctuary where every year migrating Canadian geese come to rest, and the Ambassador Bridge. The Ranger Guides have stayed for a week end at the Girl Scouts' Camp Libbey. The highlight of this get-together was the planting of a red maple to commemorate the visit, with a plaque containing the names of all the girls.

One of the most ambitious joint projects of these Canadian and United States girls was a trip to the United Nations headquarters in New York. Wing Scouts and Rangers from the two groups are planning another joint visit to New York City and the UN this spring.

THE END

Hard work, yes; but scientific digging proved fascinating and fruitful for all the "diggers"

One of the four "burials" found in the refuse mound. Everyone envied the perfect set of teeth



Gretchen H. Yoffa



Evelyn Stobie, Senior Girl Scout, St. Louis, Mo.

The Dig

by MARTHA HARLAN

SENIOR GIRL SCOUT, DALLAS, TEXAS

Senior Girl Scouts have a unique camping adventure excavating Pueblo Largo ruins

NOT FAR SOUTH of Santa Fe, New Mexico, U. S. Highway 285 leaves the junipered foothills of the Sangre de Cristo range and cuts through a broad, mesa-dotted lowland—the Galisteo Basin. Six centuries ago the Southern Tewa, a group of Tanoan-speaking North American Indians, perched their sandstone pueblos atop the mesas surrounding the basin; then, as time and drought went on, they gradually moved along to better corn-growing country, leaving their villages to fall into ruin. Today only weed-grown rubble indicates these old sites, but it marks an area rich in archaeological gems.

Into this locale last summer thirteen Senior Girl Scouts from over the nation took pick and shovel and, with the backing of the Museum of New Mexico and Region IX, excavated portions of the smallest of the Galisteo ruins: Pueblo Largo. I was among them. None of us had been exposed to extensive formal schooling in the digging business; only four intended to make a profession of it. Yet for two weeks we shoveled like veteran ditchdiggers and regarded it all as a vacation.

This camp which made part-time archaeologists out of a miscellaneous assortment of high school and college coeds has a long history behind it. For the past five years Senior Girl Scouts have taken part in the

archaeological mobile camps sponsored by the Girl Scouts of Region IX and the Museum of New Mexico. The idea was to give Girl Scouts from all corners of the country a real look at this land of enchantment with an accent of anthropology, past and present. Under the direction of Dr. Bertha P. Dutton, Curator of Ethnology and Associate in Archaeology in the School of American Research of the Museum of New Mexico, the camp-on-wheels took in a different twelve hundred miles of scenery each year—including ruins, modern-day pueblos, and incomparable country. It also provided plenty of first-hand experience in rough and rugged wilderness camping.

Affectionately known as "The Dig," the Senior Girl Scout Mobile Camp dug nothing much besides garbage pits during the first eight trips. But camp-planner Dutton had been toying with the idea of a real, honest, dirt-pitching dig to show her armchair archaeologists how it's done. Finally she began sampling opinions among Girl Scouts who had been on a mobile camp or two: would enough of us come to such a camp now that we usually had our hands full with summer jobs or summer courses—now that our budgets centered around prodigious college expenses? Would we come—we who had already been given an eyeful of all this enchantment? We came—from California,

from Illinois, from Missouri, from Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico. You could have hardly kept us away.

And so the first real-in-every-sense-of-the-word "dig" was born.

Pueblo Largo looked like the logical match for us, so we took it on, thanks to a permit granted us by the Sawyer Cattle Company of San Angelo, Texas, that now owns and operates the eighty-thousand-acre ranch on which this and several other ruins are located. The site is the scenic vantage point of the valley. The blue Sangre de Cristo Mountains stand forty miles to the north; toward them through the red-and-green country the muddy Estacado River meanders from the sun-splotted mesas.

No one knows for certain just when Pueblo Largo was first settled. Theory has it that Largo was inhabited for a century or so by the evacúes from another pueblo civilization—the Four Corners area where Pueblo cultural achievement reached its height—who were forced to abandon their homes during the rainless years between 1276 and 1299. We found nothing to indicate habitation of Largo beyond the early fourteenth century.

No study had been made there with the exception of the one conducted by N. C. Nelson of the American Museum of Natural



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THE AMERICAN GIRL

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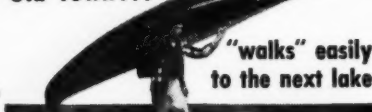
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History, who worked in the Galisteo in 1912, carrying on brief test excavations and mapping six of the pueblos. Although the more accessible ruins have been thoroughly potted by nonscientific souvenir seekers, archaeologically speaking Largo was unmolested and ripe for study.

Boss digger on our great adventure was, of course, Dr. Dutton—"Bert" to all of us—a top-notch scientist who makes up for her brevity of stature with dynamic energy. Girl Scout affairs were under the direction of Gretchen H. Yoffa, our National Camping Adviser. And, most essential, Ted Lobato supervised the frying pans. Digging with us unofficially was Agnes Sims, Santa Fe artist noted for her extensive studies of the petroglyphs (carvings or inscriptions on rocks) in the Galisteo.

In Santa Fe we were briefed on the few facts known about Largo before moving down to our campsite there. At the Laboratory of Anthropology, research branch of the Museum of New Mexico, Marge Lambert of the Museum staff went through the files on Galisteo potsherds (fragments of broken earthen pots) with us and coached us on the pottery types we would probably find in our locale. The Museum furnished our digging equipment, from shovels to screens to catalogue sheets. All we had to furnish was the steam.

Customary camping procedure often had to be somewhat modified. For instance, our kaper chart assigned crews not only to the usual fire-building and cleanup details, but also to potsherd washing and lab duty. We arranged rotation to give ourselves a day off now and then, although the people "resting" were available for odd jobs and sometimes had to saw down trees or handle some similar chore. Chow, mail, and news of the world were thirty miles distant, so we had to keep close track of food supply and equipment.

Drinking water came from a 650-gallon tank hauled in over bumpy country. Grime accumulated rapidly, but basin baths had to serve for two weeks; about all we could do was slosh off the top layer of dust. To conserve our meager reservoir, we went by pickup truck every other night to the ranch stock tank down in the valley, where we had a back-scrubbing, bra-washing, hair-sudsing party.

We followed the "hot-tea routine"—an old dig rite. Enough of this brew at supper, and we could go thirstless as Sahara camels the next day. Our cook complained we ate like lumberjacks; we frequently served ourselves breakfast two or three times.

Operating on the theory that experience, while a tough teacher, is the speediest one, Bert handed out picks and shovels the first day in camp and put us right to work. In one end of the tiny north plaza (the former village marketplace) that borders on the edge of the mesa, the fourteenth-century Indian tenants chucked their garbage, broken tools, and shattered pots; and there, where the dirt was soft, they also buried their dead. So unintentionally they left us, in their refuse mounds, a ready-made assortment of typical artifacts of their culture. Here we cut our stratigraphic trench.

On the south plaza lies the only certain kiva located in the ruin so far. Kivas are the sacred ceremonial places; in the pueblos of today there are similar structures—circular or rectangular—still the focus of the life, the folkways, and the old religious customs. Five volunteers took on this job,

as kiva digging is hard, thankless work which involves moving truckloads of dirt with little of interest in it besides an occasional potsherd. However, a find in a kiva is often of value, for there the special treasures were placed.

On the other hand, in digging a stratigraphic trench the dirt has to come out in neat layers, and every shovelful is screened for the fragments of pottery, burned corn-cobs, chipped points, and such scientifically valuable objects that turn up. The trench crew had hardly scraped the surface of the refuse mound when they uncovered a youth's burial. Trenchers found a total of four human skeletons in forty feet of trench.

Rain plagued us nightly, although the area had suffered prolonged drought until we came along, and our trench was often waterlogged. Those mornings the trench-digging crew split and worked on two dwelling rooms on opposite sides of the north plaza: V-4—meaning the fourth room excavated in the area Nelson mapped as Section V; and IVf-2—on the knoll between the north and the south plazas. Later we dug into room number I-3.

When anything of import was unearthed, digging stopped while the exact location of the object was measured and recorded: I-3 yielded over twenty corn-grinding stones and was so productive that excavation was slowed and its diggers could not finish it in the allotted time. V-4, first habitation cleaned out, had a fine flagstone-paved floor; it proved to be of later construction, and we dug out none of the early black-and-white pottery which the area promises. At IVf-2, however, the floor was not hit until the crew was a cellarlike six-and-a-half-feet down.

Lab chores, although technical, fascinated even those of us deficient in scientific talent. Even shard-scrubbing was fun, for striking glaze-paint patterns often emerged on the muddy chunks of pot. The pertinent information on every worked piece of stone, shard, or bone went on record; the artifact itself had to be washed, sketched, numbered, and filed away. Assigned lab crews could never have processed the mountain of stuff we hauled in from the field daily, so even when we were not on duty most of us spent our postnoon siesta doing odds and ends of the paper work. Everything we uncovered—from burials to bone awls—is now housed in the Museum of New Mexico; last October the report of our studies was printed for the scientific world in "El Palacio," the monthly periodical published by the School of American Research, the Museum of New Mexico, the Archaeological Society of New Mexico, and the Laboratory of Anthropology.

The digging bug bit all of us in one way or another. Surveying the array of things we had troweled out of our pint-sized plots of ground, we could hardly help speculating on what might be in the rock-filled rooms yet untouched. And we were ready to take pick in hand and find out.

If the Girl Scouts continue our off-the-beaten-track trips, Largo could keep us busy for years to come—at untold profit to anthropological research. Any Senior Girl Scout with a background of a jaunt or two with a mobile dig—of which there are now two per summer—would be eligible to come. Thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents would be the fee, and a better bargain is hard to find. Those of us who dug in the Galisteo last August are sold on that.

THE END

PUZZLED?

An American Girl Puzzle

by JANET L. CHATHAM

Using the letters in the title of this magazine—THE AMERICAN GIRL—see how many of the words defined in the left-hand column you can write in correctly in the opposite lines of the right-hand column. Each blank represents a letter, and no letter may be used more times than it appears in the magazine's title. Credit yourself with four points for each right answer.
(EXAMPLE: The definition is: Like magic; the answer is: Magical.)

- | | |
|--|-------|
| 1. Vital organ | ----- |
| 2. First name of leader of the "Green Mountain Boys" | ----- |
| 3. South American country | ----- |
| 4. Gem | ----- |
| 5. Member of famous U. S. fighting unit | ----- |
| 6. River in Germany | ----- |
| 7. Kind of moss | ----- |
| 8. Fur-bearing animal | ----- |
| 9. Bird of prey | ----- |
| 10. "Ship of the Desert" | ----- |
| 11. State of matrimony | ----- |
| 12. Country in Africa | ----- |
| 13. Anesthetic | ----- |
| 14. New England State | ----- |
| 15. Extraordinary happening | ----- |

Putting the Heat in Its Place

by GERARD MOSLER

By correctly fitting the letters of the word HEAT into the blank spaces in each of the words below, you can make a new word. Allow yourself ten minutes to make the fifteen new words. A score of 12 or over is excellent; 9-11 is good. (EXAMPLE: S T _ _ L _ _ , plus HEAT, equals STEALTH.)

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| 1. _ S _ _ | 8. C _ _ _ |
| 2. _ _ _ R - D | 9. _ _ R _ _ |
| 3. _ _ _ R _ | 10. B _ _ _ |
| 4. _ _ R - D | 11. R _ _ _ R |
| 5. D _ _ R _ | 12. _ _ L _ D |
| 6. _ _ W - D | 13. W _ _ L _ |
| 7. L _ _ _ | 14. _ _ _ C _ |
| 15. D _ _ _ | |

Flowers to Wear

by GREGORY SPOONER

Can you turn these articles of clothing into flowers by prefixing the correct word or words to each?

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. Spur | 6. Cap |
| 2. Slipper | 7. Glove |
| 3. Comb | 8. Bonnet |
| 4. Button | 9. Breeches |
| 5. Lace | 10. Hood |

For the answers to these brain teasers, please turn to page 53

THE AMERICAN GIRL

meet the Champ!

★ EVERETT GARRISON,

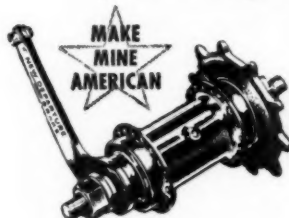
shown here with his wife and artist daughter, makes the world's finest fly-rods by hand, right in his own home in Yonkers, N. Y. An ardent sportsman since boyhood, and an engineer by profession, he applies scientific principles to produce masterpieces of fly-rod craftsmanship that are used by some of the most famous outdoorsmen in America.



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SPEAKING OF MOVIES



THE PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS—An enjoyable picture has been made from the life story of Dizzy Dean, one of baseball's great players. With his younger brother, Paul, he rose from barefoot, sandlot baseball to fame in the major leagues. Dizzy has been one of the game's most colorful figures, and the story of his career has drama, humor, and heartache. Dan Dailey plays Dizzy, Joanne Dru his loyal wife. Especially interesting if you have listened to Dizzy's broadcasts of baseball games. (20th Century-Fox)

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN—

From the first scene of a group of immigrants crowding a ship's rail for their first sight of the Statue of Liberty, to the final fadeout in a California orange grove, this is excellent entertainment. It is a delightfully human story of Giorgi Papashvily (José Ferrer) his family and friends, their joys and woes. Giorgi's friends' well-meant attempts to interfere in his romance with a court stenographer (Kim Hunter) keep you in suspense to the very end of the picture. (Paramount)



THE BATTLE AT APACHE PASS

—Based on the life of the great Apache chief, Cochise, this is the story of one phase of the long struggle between the Indians and the white men. Despite the efforts of Army Major Colton to maintain peace, a series of tragic incidents leads Cochise, against his better judgment, to take the war path. There is plenty of excitement in this picture, in which Jeff Chandler plays Cochise; Jay Silverheels is the famous Geronimo, and John Lund Major Colton of the U.S. Army. (Univ.-Int'l)

NELLES ON THEIR TOES—In this Technicolor sequel to "Cheaper by the Dozen," Mrs. Gilbreth, after her husband's death, shoulders the responsibility of raising her eleven children. A true story, with warmth, humor, good music and dancing to make it a lively picture. You'll howl at some of the clothes of yesteryear! The large cast of stars includes Myrna Loy, Barbara Bates, Jeanne Crain, Debra Paget, Jeffrey Hunter, Robert Arthur, Edward Arnold, Hoagy Carmichael, Robert Arthur. (20th Century-Fox)



by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK

The Wind Blows Free

(Continued from page 11)

Guiltily Melinda followed Mama down the hall. But a quick search revealed that Carolyn was nowhere to be found.

"She's just wandered away," kind Mrs. Harrigan assured Mama. "Someone will find her and bring her back."

By the time the hunt had spread to the street, Nick came along with Bert and Dick. "Tell you what, ma'am," he said, "we'll just sort of divide up into teams and comb the town. She's bound to be here somewhere. Don't you worry. Herman, here," he turned to another cowboy, "will help you, too."

They hurried away, the twins at their heels. Melinda ran after them. She was remembering something—the stock pens, filled with cattle waving those long, wicked horns, bellowing and filling the air with dust as they tramped back and forth.

"Nick!" she cried. "Wait a minute! The— the place where those cattle are kept, down by the station. Could she—?"

Nick shook his head. "We just came from there, sis, and she wasn't around anywhere."

Melinda went back to Katie. They were alone in front of the boardinghouse, for Mama and Mrs. Harrigan had gone off together to look for Carolyn.

"Come on, Katie," Melinda said firmly. "We're going to look for Carolyn, too."

They walked down one side of the street, and up the other, the board sidewalks throwing back hollow echoes of their footsteps. An hour dragged by, then another. Everywhere people were searching for little Carolyn Pierce. The sun was getting low, and a chill crept into the air. The wind was beginning to blow harder. Still Melinda and Katie walked up and down, calling at intervals, "Carolyn. Carolyn, honey."

She might have crawled off somewhere and gone to sleep, Melinda thought desperately, as she and Katie headed back to the boardinghouse. She saw Nick and the twins coming down the street and ran toward them, calling, "Carolyn, is she—"

"No trace of her yet, sis," Nick answered cheerfully. "But don't you worry. That little maverick is sure to be around somewhere. Herman and some of the other cowboys are riding along the prairie."

That was something Melinda hadn't thought of. The tall grass on the surface of the land was so high a child could be completely hidden in it. What if Carolyn were never found? And it was all Melinda's fault. She felt as if she couldn't stand another minute of the suspense and worry.

"We're going to the stock pens," she said resolutely, taking Katie's hand. "We'll go to the station and just follow the track."

The station was just as Melinda remembered it, but it was empty. Everyone was hunting for Carolyn. But no, there *was* someone, a boy, perhaps sixteen, and tall for his age. He was dressed much the way the cowboys were. He had a thin intelligent face and he looked both shy and kind.

"Hello," he said briefly.

"Hello," Melinda replied. "I'm Melinda Pierce and this is my sister, Katie. We're looking for my little sister, Carolyn."

"I know," he said. He didn't sound shy now, but rather grown-up and comforting. "I'm Dennis Kennedy, and I'm looking for her, too."

Melinda walked over to the open door of

the station and looked inside. The room was empty, but just as she turned to leave, she saw something. There, just visible under the open door, was the battered arm of a doll! Carolyn's doll! Melinda ran inside and closed the door quickly. Behind it, crowded halfway under one of the seats, lay Carolyn sound asleep, her doll still clutched tightly to her, although one of its arms had fallen where it could be seen through the crack under the door.

"Oh, Carolyn, Carolyn!" Melinda cried, bending over to pick up the sleeping child. But before she could lift the baby, Katie and Dennis were beside her.

"Here," said the boy, "she's too heavy for you. Let me carry her." He swung the sleeping Carolyn up into his arms and started toward the boardinghouse, the girls following.

When they entered the house, Papa, Mama, and Mrs. Harrigan were in the front room. "Oh, Papa! Papa!" Melinda and Katie cried together. "We found her, we found Carolyn!"

Papa kissed them all. "And the whole town out looking for you," he gently chided the baby, who was beginning to wake up. He looked up at Dennis Kennedy, standing there, very much embarrassed.

"This is Dennis Kennedy, Papa," Melinda told him.

"Dennis Kennedy," Papa said. "I know your aunt and uncle. Thank you, Dennis, thank you for finding our baby for us." He shook hands with the boy as gravely as he would have shaken the hand of a man.

"I didn't find the baby," Dennis disclaimed quickly. "Melinda found her."

Melinda was hurrying with her dressing, because Papa and the boys had already gone to get the wagon. Through the window she saw that the day was really dawning. The sky was red and gold and purple. Then it began to blaze with a bright, transparent flame. Above the red were bands of greenish-blue, fading into palest lavender and gray. The rim of the sun slipped up slowly, then suddenly it shot above the horizon. Melinda had never seen a sunrise like this. Back in East Texas, sunrise came decorously through branches of trees or around the corners of buildings. Here there was nothing in the way of its dramatic splendor.

Their things would be waiting at the claim. So would Tige, their funny little yellow dog with a black spot over one eye and a black tip on his tail, who was part of the family. Hannah, the Jersey cow, would be there, her calf, and the chickens. It had been hard to decide about some things. Papa had been reluctant to take the organ.

"It's pretty big," he had told Mama. "Our dugout is larger than most, but it's going to seem small."

But Mama had been firm, so the organ had been shipped as well as a box of books.

"In a new country you have to start with what you bring," she said. "That's why it's so important to take things like books and music, as well as stock and implements."

Now there was the sound of wheels outside, and soon the Pierces were packed into the wagon, along with their valises, boxes of lunch Mrs. Harrigan gave them, a gallon bucket of coffee, and a heavy woolen comfort for the children to lie on.

"Good-by, good-by," they chorused; the wagon got off to a creaking start, and they were on their way to their new home.

The road they traveled seemed to unwind

itself out of wide, flat nothingness. It cut through a land already beginning to turn faintly green. Over it arched a blue sky, so brightly blue it hurt Melinda's eyes to look at it. It was like a huge bowl cupped down over them, like the blue Chinese bowl in Grandmother's parlor. Ahead of them there was not a tree, not a hill, not a house. Nothing. Not even a real road, the way roads looked back in East Texas. There the roads wound in and out among the homes of friends, and pine trees grew on both sides, with wildflowers twining around rail fences.

Katie, looking frightened, turned to Melinda. "M'linda," she whispered, "do you suppose we're lost?"

"Goodness, no," Melinda whispered back. "Papa's been there before."

Papa had been there and built a dugout. He had built a shed for the stock and a shelter for the chickens. Even so, Melinda wondered. There was nothing to guide them. As far as she could see, one mile looked exactly like another. She felt a little dizzy, as if she were riding on a lake.

"Papa," Bert said, "can we get off and walk a while?"

"Sure," replied Papa, so the boys rolled off the wagon and walked along as if they were playing soldier. There was silence for a time until Papa spoke to Mama.

"I'm afraid it's going to seem small and—well, crude to you, Katherine."

She put her hand over his. "Nonsense," she answered quickly. "We'll manage. It won't hurt the boys a bit to sleep on the floor. Now tell me about that Dennis Kennedy who brought Carolyn back."

"Dennis is an orphan and lives with his aunt and uncle who manage the Double Z ranch."

Mama straightened up at the mention of another woman. "Is that far from us?"

"Not very. Fifteen, twenty miles, maybe."

"Twenty miles," Mama echoed softly.

Papa laughed. "I've already fallen into the ways of the country. They measure things with a big yardstick out here, and twenty miles doesn't seem far at all. I rode that far yesterday to get Doc and thought nothing of it."

"I meant to ask you," Mama said. "Who was sick?"

"A homesteader named Foster. One of his kids broke his arm."

"Kids!" Melinda cried. "Do they have a girl my age?"

"I wouldn't wonder," Papa answered. "They have them all ages."

They stopped for lunch, and before they drove on Papa and the boys worked intently to put out every single spark of the fire they had made of cow chips. To be doubly sure, they poured the remains of the lunch coffee over it. "Have to watch out for prairie fires," Papa explained. "If one gets started, it's hard to stop. It can ruin the grass for months to come."

All around them, the grass waved thick and tall. Melinda wondered how Papa would ever be able to plow it under in order to make the soil ready for a crop. The wagon creaked along. The twins fell into a low-voiced conversation, which presently grew louder.

"What are you boys arguing about?" Papa called from the driver's seat.

"Indians," Dick replied. "I said I bet there were still Indians out here."

"There are not!" Bert broke in hotly. "There isn't an Indian nearer than a thousand miles."

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"Well," Papa said, "you're both right and you're both wrong. There aren't any Indians here, but there are some a lot closer than a thousand miles. Right now they're living on a reservation, but once in a while a group of them comes along."

It was late afternoon when they came to the dugout that was to be their new home. Melinda could not believe that this really was it. It seemed so little, for one thing; not much more than a small humped-up place in the middle of this vast land. Perhaps that was because much of it was underground, like a cellar.

The part above the ground was made of boards, and the roof looked like dried grass. Steps led down to the door of the dugout. At the top of the stairs were two flat doors, like those of a cellar back in East Texas, open and lying flat upon the ground. Melinda looked at them and thought of the white house back in Lewisville, with its wide porches, big rooms, and the yard with the oak trees and flowers.

"Well," Papa said, stepping down from the wagon, "we're home."

As if to welcome them there was the sound of wild barking.

"Tige!" yelled the twins, swinging off the wagon.

"I locked him up in the shed," Papa said. "Go get him." The boys rushed off.

Papa helped Carolyn down, then Mama. Melinda and Katie clambered over the side of the wagon. For a moment they stood there, not saying a word. The wind was blowing, lonely and sad. The boys and Tige came tearing across the grass. The little dog was running in circles, wagging his whole body, yipping louder with every turn.

They all followed as Papa led the way toward the dugout, down the steps to the door. It wasn't even locked and he pushed it open.

"Welcome home," he said, stepping aside to let them troop in.

There was a faint musty smell, like a mixture of Grandmother's parlor and the cellar where they stored things for the winter. Light, from two windows set in the upper part of the room, fell across two beds, the regular-sized one for Papa and Mama, and the two-decker for the girls. There was a stove in one corner, a table under a window. Two benches were pushed under the table. There were some chairs, the organ, and the boxes of things still unpacked, standing on the dirt floor.

"I didn't put down the rug," Papa told Mama, "or unpack the boxes. I thought I'd wait for you."

Mama didn't answer. She seemed to be far away. Melinda knew where she was, and her own heart ached with the knowledge. For all Mama's acting so brave and sure about things, she was homesick for East Texas, just as Melinda was. Suddenly the girl knew that none of the others, not even Papa, could understand as she did how Mama was feeling. Melinda moved over and put her arm around her mother. That seemed to bring Mama back. She took off her hat and rolled up her sleeves.

"Melinda," she said, "open the valise and get my apron. Richard, you unpack the featherbeds. Katie, you mind Carolyn." And they all swung into action.

Supper was over, the dishes washed, and the table pushed back into its place against the wall. Carolyn, holding fast

to her doll, sat nodding in her high chair. Tige, having finished his dinner, lay where he was happiest, between the twins.

Mama was busy making the two beds. "Richard," she said, "just as soon as you have time, I want you to string up some wire so I can divide this room off with curtains into separate bedrooms at night. All of us sleeping in one room! What if we had company?"

The day had been long and difficult. Melinda was very tired, but she tossed restlessly. Lying there in her two-decker bed, between sleeping and waking, listening to the sound of the wind, she was confused. At times she thought the wind was blowing the crisp, ruffled curtains in her dainty, flower-papered room in Lewisville. At times, it was sweeping over the high grass of the flat, empty Panhandle. Once it ruffled the light brown hair of a tall boy whose kind brown eyes looked into hers as he said, "Let me help you, Melinda."

Melinda turned on her side. She could hear herself asking, "Do the Fosters have a girl my age and Papa answering, "I wouldn't wonder!" Would there be a girl out here to be her friend and help make the loneliness bearable until she could go back to Lewisville, to Mary Elizabeth, Jenny Sue, and Martha?

The wind rose and fell, sad and eerie, but not unfriendly. Inside the little dugout there was no sound save the low breathing of the family. It was strange to think they would all sleep and eat and live here in the same room. And cook and study, too. All their lives would be centered in this one room. There was a world of space outside, yet they must live in this small space. For a moment she felt crowded, cramped, as if she wanted to get out and run somewhere.

Then she heard the wind again. It did not sound sad now, but gay and free. It seemed to be calling to her.

"Plenty of room outside, Melinda!" it seemed to say. "Plenty-plenty of roooooomooooom!" (To be continued)

Answers to the PUZZLES on page 49

AN AMERICAN GIRL

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. Heart | 8. Ermine |
| 2. Ethan | 9. Eagle |
| 3. Chili | 10. Camel |
| 4. Agate | 11. Marriage |
| 5. Marine | 12. Nigeria |
| 6. Rhine | 13. Ether |
| 7. Lichen | 14. Maine |
| 15. Miracle | |

PUTTING THE HEAT IN ITS PLACE

- | | |
|-----------|------------|
| 1. Haste | 8. Cheat |
| 2. Hatred | 9. Earth |
| 3. Heart | 10. Bathe |
| 4. Thread | 11. Rather |
| 5. Dearth | 12. Halt-d |
| 6. Thawed | 13. Wealth |
| 7. Lathe | 14. Teach |
| 15. Death | |

FLOWERS TO WEAR

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. Lark | 6. Turk's |
| 2. Lady's | 7. Fox |
| 3. Cocks | 8. Blue |
| 4. Bachelor's | 9. Dutchman's |
| 5. Queen Anne's | 10. Monks |

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rushed off toward a big crowd of men and machines which were coming up the mountain.

In a shack, which was near the hut, the skier saw a man in a cook's white outfit. He walked over to the cook and asked what was going on.

The cook looked at him and said, "Lots of lumber needed down there. Housing shortage getting worse every day. Families have been evicted and have no place to go. So, when our boss heard about it, he started cutting again."

"Who is your boss?"

"Paul Bunyan, of course," answered the cook.

Well, the rest of his vacation the crews cut acres of timber; and as Paul Bunyan saw Oregon's great forests spread out before him, he thought about the poor homeless veterans and their babies, and he advertised in all the papers for more and more men. The crews got bigger and bigger, and more cooks kept cooking, and finally the mess shacks were filled all day and night with hungry men. The cooks cooked, the men ate, and the stacks of dirty dishes got higher and higher and higher!

At last Paul had to advertise for a whole crew of dishwashers to come and tackle all those dirty dishes. And what do you think? When they started washing they had to use a reservoir for a dishpan, and they dumped in truckloads of "Luz" for suds.

As soon as one batch of dishes was done, more dirty ones appeared. And, as more and more men were hired to keep up with the mighty ax of Paul Bunyan, more food, more dishes, and more "Luz" were needed.

Finally, that reservoir just overflowed . . . and now . . . all that suds bubbled down over the mountains . . . and blew over the valleys, till they were snowed under!

CARINA THORNTON (age 16) Morelia, Mich;
Mexico

Mischief in Miniature

Nonfiction Award

"Marmoset. Any of numerous South and Central American monkeys . . ." That is what the dictionary says about the little animal that sits on my desk throwing everything off of it, peering anxiously after each article to make sure it reaches the floor.

This animal, which I call Jackie, is of the smallest species of monkeys—but don't let that fool you! She can get into more things than you could possibly dream of!

When she is angry, jumping up and down, screaming, and with her fur puffed out, you wonder if you don't have a wild gorilla on your hands. But then when she wants to be petted and cuddles up to you, sitting on your shoulder and trying to get her small paws all the way around your neck, you begin to wonder if you weren't wrong before.

But, oh, the mischief she gets into! Sneaking up to the cat to pull his tail; opening a box of matches and strewing them all over the floor; climbing up to unreachable heights and not wanting to come down; doing it all with a twinkle in her eye and the knowledge that she's teasing you.

And does she ever love to eat! We supposed she would eat only bananas, and milk, but eggs, meat, flies, fruit of all kinds, moths, candy, dirt, bread, buttons, stolen jams, and sugar go down inside of her every day. I often catch her in the pantry with an almost

empty jar of jam, reaching down into forbidden depths with one small paw, or, if it's too deep, knocking the jar over and crawling inside. She loves ice and sweet drinks, so every time she sees a glass she feels obliged to dive into it—head first. One baking day she was looking curiously into a large bowl. A few minutes later Jackie, held at arm's length, her black fur turned to white, was kicking, sneezing, and scolding us roundly. The little glutton!

JUDITH N. SCOTT (age 13) British Guiana,
South America

DEAR READERS:

Judging by the way entries for By You pour in, THE AMERICAN GIRL has a great many budding authors and artists among its readers. Since the department was started in January, 1951, we have had a grand total of approximately eighteen thousand entries, and many of them have made us very proud of your talents.

Out of this great number of contributions, a very few have not been, as our rules require, the original work of the senders and have received awards under false pretenses. In each such instance, some of our alert readers have spotted the copy and written to tell us where the original poem, drawing, or story had been published.

Sadly, very sadly, we have written to the contributor, withdrawn the award, and pointed out how grave a breach of honor she had committed. Up to now, we have not published the names of the few contributors whose awards had to be withdrawn, because we felt their fault could not have been committed intentionally, with a full understanding of how serious it was.

To create something new, moving, or beautiful—whether it is a poem, a drawing, a story, or an incident well-told—and receive recognition for your work, is a high and very satisfying achievement. None of our contributors, we are sure, if they have thought about it carefully, would stoop to claiming as their own, recognition which rightfully belongs to another. Perhaps a few of you have not been quite clear about the definition of "originality." Look it up in the dictionary, read the By You rules carefully, and remember that basically it means that nothing may be copied—not the thought, the words, the idea, or the composition of a drawing.

Now that we are all straight on originality, keep sending your fine contributions so that By You can continue to be a proud showcase for your talents.

Evelyn R. Dean EDITOR

Night Wind

Poetry Award

The wind yawns.

As she rocks the trees

She sings to them;

And they murmur and whisper,

Until she yawns again and goes to sleep.

Her gentle breathing wraps the earth

In still contentment.

Through the night, the trees will whisper:

Shh . . . Go to sleep, go to sleep.

DEBORAH NOBLE (age 12) South Glastonbury,
Connecticut

Impressions

Poetry Award

Roaring lion;
Boiling black storm clouds,
Bathed in the last gold surge of light,
Charging across the western sky.

Grumpy bear;
Billows of soot-flecked smoke
From a grimy chimney spout;
Smudgy paws slapping at the sky
With childish satisfaction.

Slithering snake;
Murky stream of melted snow
Slipping across the muddy gravel
On the pasture hill—just awakened from
sleep;
Soon to change its speckled brown for
silver.

Gentle donkey;
Quiet mist and fog
Slumbering ripples of breath;
Soul of melted stars and dampened
moonlight;
Soft gray coat brushed by upraised
branches
In the night.
ELEANOR KNOWLES (age 13) Elmhurst, Illinois

The Intruder

Fiction Award

The house was built on the side of a steep hill overlooking a large village. Miles across on another hill was built a great city. From the living room of the lonely house, she could distinguish the more important buildings of the city. There was the State House dwarfed against a background of skyscrapers. Over here was a delicate radio tower. And over there was a granite shaft in memorial to the dead.

At night only the highest buildings were visible amid the colored lights. In the daytime the varicolored signs disappeared into the horizon. She knew that late at night they would vanish, too, and suddenly the horizon would be left black and gray.

It was ten thirty, and still the signs shone through the darkness. They were comforting. They seemed to tell her that somewhere someone was not alone. She wasn't alone. Tucked in their beds upstairs were three children. The telephone was not far away. The music and chatter of the Saturday-night disk jockey came gaily from the radio at her elbow.

Somehow she wasn't relaxed. Then in a moment she knew why. Someone was outside the glass door. Something had moved outside there in the dark.

She was scared. She didn't move. She thought: I'm sitting right beside the door. He can see into the room but he can't see me.

He moved. Again she didn't move. She knew she couldn't move. She was too weak to move. If she moved, he'd see her.

She could scream. That wouldn't be any use. The nearest house was almost a mile away. They couldn't hear her. She would wake the children. They would be terrified. Anyway he would hear her.

If she could get to the telephone! It was on the other side of the room. She would have to pass the door to reach it.

If she could get to the children! The stairs were beside the door.

If she could get to the kitchen! The kitchen was at the end of the stairway.

What could she do?

She could turn the lights off. He couldn't see her then. But tonight she had planned to nap and left only the telephone light on.

What could she do?

He was at the door now. He was trying to open it. She knew if she didn't open it for him, he'd break it.

Quietly she turned her head and saw him outside. The sight of him reassured her. He wasn't horrible.

Calmly she rose and opened the door. She stood aside to let him pass.

She closed the door. He silently motioned her to sit down. She took her usual place at the end of the couch and watched as he circled three times and lay down at her feet.

"Good dog," she said as she patted him gently.

MARY JANE CORLISS (age 16)
Belmont, Massachusetts



ART AWARD

BARBARA WINTON (age 13) Stratford, Connecticut

Memoriam

Poetry Award

I stand reverently,
At the polished marble tomb,
Of a man I never knew,
Yet, I know all about him.
He wore a uniform when he died.
So we call him the Unknown Soldier.
He grew up in a coal town
In Pennsylvania—
Or was it a ranch in Texas,
Or a tenement in New York?
Does it matter?
Was he a poet, a farmer, a bookkeeper?
Maybe . . .
Was he joking with a buddy
When the missile came?
We don't know,
For he lay quiet
When they chose him
From among our nameless dead
"Known but to God."
Now I stand here with head bowed low
At the grave of this stranger
Who is my father, my brother,
My countryman, my friend.

DORIS C. RASKE (age 17) Redmond, Oregon



He looks up to you . . .

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"Right in Your Own Back Yard"

Fiction Award

"Sue! Hey, S-U-E!"

"Will you quit bellowing at me? I'm right here," I yelled back from under my camouflage of travel folders. It was Tony, my boy friend since childhood, but somehow I seemed to be outgrowing him now.

"Yeeps, how are you going to win a trip around the world?" my impudent beau asked.

"Listen to this: 'Haiti is a strange, exotic nation of voodoo dances, Creole songs, and French-speaking people.' Doesn't that sound romantic?" I exclaimed.

"It's just too, too thrilling," he said as he dodged a road map that came flying at him.

"By the way, why did you come over?"

"Well, I was going to ask you to have a coke with me, but that's hardly a thing to ask of a woman of the world."

"Don't be silly. Wait till I get a jacket."

"Say, have you heard? The people next door are going to make a home for a displaced person. She's fifteen, same as you and me. I think she's French."

At last, I thought. At last I have a chance to talk with a person from the most romantic country on earth. My, I wonder what France is really like?

"Hey, watch it! You're spilling coke all over yourself."

"I wonder what my folders say about France? See you later, Tony. Thanks for the coke."

"For Pete's sake, what's wrong with her?"

As I was going up the steps I saw a girl shaking rugs on the porch next door. Say, I'll bet she's the French girl, I thought to myself.

"Hello, there!" I called, though not expecting an answer. Least of all in English. That was why I was so surprised when the girl spoke almost perfect English. When I asked her about it, she said she was able to speak almost any language I could name.

We sat down on the porch and became fast friends. It seems that she had been separated from her parents since she was ten. She had spent two and one half years in a concentration camp. When the war was over, she was shuffled around from place to place, country to country, and finally to America.

"America was a place I had dared not even dream about." Tears filled her eyes at this, but she went on and told me wonderful things about my country. Things I had always taken for granted; never given a moment's thought.

"Connie? Oh, here you are. Dinner's ready."

"Coming. Now do you understand why I am so thankful for this wonderful country?" she said. "Everyone is so kind to me here. The lady treats me as she would her own daughter. I must go now. You will come to see me often?"

"Yes, yes, I will Connie, and thank you, thank you very much."

"Thank you for calling me Connie. It sounds so—so American. But why do you thank me? I do nothing."

"You have made me see things I never realized before. Thank you."

"I must go now; good-by, my friend."

As I made my way slowly toward home I thought to myself: Why, I am just discovering America—just discovering what a wonderful country I have right here. Right in my own back yard. But it took a French girl who had really seen the seamy side of life to make me appreciate it.

"Hey, Sue, how about a movie?"

"Sure, Tony. Sure, why not? I'm going to celebrate."

JANET FULK (age 14) Churubusco, Indiana

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The PRIZE PURCHASE dress on page 21 may be purchased at these stores

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Sioux City, Iowa	Yunker Davidson
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Youngstown, Ohio	Strouss Hirshberg

The Turtles

Nonfiction Award

We were living in the country and we captured two turtles. One was a little pip-squeak, so we named it Pip-Squeak. The other was an old turtle, but very friendly, so we named it John the Friendly.

That winter we were going to France. We were so fond of the turtles that we could not bear to leave them behind, so we took them on the boat with us.

They passed the American customs and were safely on the ship. We kept our turtles in the bottom part of the closet where you were supposed to keep shoes.

One day the steward opened the closet and discovered the turtles. He did not say anything, but he sure looked surprised.

Then it happened. One day we opened the closet and discovered two white oval-shaped things; they were eggs, but they were also broken, for there was not enough room to walk around without breaking the eggs. So that day since she has been known as Joan the Friendly.

Our next problem was to get them through the French customs.

My elder sister was carrying the cooky tin which they were in.

The customs clerk did not notice the cooky tin until we were about to leave, but then he just marked it with an X and so we got through the French customs.

SHEILA O'REILLY, (age 12) Upper Black Eddy, Pennsylvania

Holdup!

Fiction Award

All is silent in the small town of Reidsville except for the confusion of grocery shoppers. The time is exactly two minutes before eleven as we look in on a small group of men on the outskirts of town. This is the conversation we hear. "All right, men, in two minutes we will have the signal. Do you all know what you're to do? If not, ask questions now, but hurry!"

"It's okay, boss; we know."

"Good. Get ready 'cause there's the signal!"

The men slowly walked down the main street. As they near the bank, one of them drops out and leans against the building. Soon the others come to the bank. Two of the men wait outside. The others go in. The doors close. Then there is a lot of noise and shooting. Bang! Bang! One man falls but soon lifts his head and gets up. Then five men burst out of the bank, bags of gold in their hands. They shoot their way out and run to their horses. Not having gone far, they hear a woman's voice shouting. "Time for lunch, children!"

JUDY NOCK (age 13) Cary, North Carolina

"Joy Street—U. S. A."

Nonfiction Award

A street in the city and that's all. A street that could be in any city, maybe in yours, but that in a sense isn't important; this is. In every city and town in the United States there are dirty, filthy, broken-down shacks that represent homes. This is a story of such a street. After reading this, don't put yourself on too high a pedestal. You may be the indirect cause of it. Yes, this is Joy Street—Joy Street, U. S. A.

Joy Street, that's what they call my home. That's a laugh for the books, isn't it? A row of dirty broken-down shacks, dirty-faced kids wearing dirty, torn clothes, crying because they hadn't anything to eat and probably wouldn't; bums who have not one single use to the world, but still hang around trying to find just one reason to stay alive; school kids, smoking cigarettes, leaning against the lamp-posts trying to look too old and wise; men and women fighting in the streets for a crummy bottle of beer while everyone else yells at the winning side and boos the losing. Yes, this, for me and many others, is home.

Maybe you've lived in a modern home and worn pretty clothes. You've probably had enough food to eat whenever you've been hungry. And most of all, you've had a mother and father to turn to for love and affection. I haven't! And there are many others like me.

I've never known what it was like to go to a dance and come home excited and with stars in my eyes, just waiting for a chance to tell my mother what a wonderful time I'd had. You see, when you have just enough food for survival, you can't take time for dancing and pretty clothes.

Maybe the sun shines on Virginia Street. It probably shines in New York, Manhattan, California, China, Africa, and Newfoundland. But for us, the slaves of Joy Street, it never shines. If it does, the street is just as dirty, the houses just as gray, the people just as unhappy, and the children just as thin. The wash on the lines is just as gray and gloomy. Yet for me, this is home.

It is now five o'clock—time to quit my work. Time to lock the door and go home. Home! Doesn't that sound wonderful?

As I walk down the street, I pass people

with laughter in their words and smiles in their hearts, for they are going home too!

And I? I walk down the street slowly, fighting back my tears. Sobs well up in my throat. I am struggling to keep control of myself. I walk faster and faster until I'm running. My tears and sobs mingle and come faster and more sure as each one finds my face and heart in turn. People stop to stare at me. My feet drag like iron weights as I turn the corner to home. My home on Joy Street. Yes, Joy Street—U. S. A.

ELSIE MAY BAUMANN (age 16) Conrad, Montana

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Patricia Flagg (age 15) Mayville, N. Y. Peggy Bradshaw (age 14) Kinston, N. C.

POETRY: Paula Phillips (age 14) Minneapolis, Minn.

FICTION: Janice Dean (age 17) Mineral City, Ohio

NONFICTION: Jo Anne Warren (age 11) Lubbock, Texas; Barbara Wallis (age 15) Hansville, Wash.

Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. Only original material, never before published anywhere, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawing or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

Poems: Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words. Suggested for September 1952—"Beginnings".

Drawings: Any subject. Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5"x7". **WARNING:** Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Any subject. Black and white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

RULES

1. Entries for the September, 1952, issue must be mailed on or before June 1, 1952. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.
4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

Send entries to: "By You" Dept. Editor

The American Girl Magazine

155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.



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New released to druggists—the sensational, scientific, skin-colored medication *especially* for pimples. In skin specialists' tests on 200 patients, CLEARASIL brought amazing relief to 8 out of every 10. CLEARASIL is greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pimples. Actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils* that pimples "feed" on.

CLEARASIL ends embarrassment—gives new confidence immediately because its skin-color hides pimples amazingly while it *helps dry them up*. Greaseless, stainless—pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted

medication. Thousands of grateful users (adults as well as teen-agers) have found that CLEARASIL is *one* medication that really worked for them. So even if other treatment has failed, you owe it to yourself to try CLEARASIL. Get CLEARASIL today.

GUARANTEED! CLEARASIL must amaze you the first time you use it—or your money back. Return tube to address below.



Above photograph shows how CLEARASIL hides pimples. "Over-activity of certain oil glands is recognized by authorities as a major factor in acne." ©1952 Keston, Inc., New York 17, N.Y.

HEY GALS! . . . WHAT'S BITIN' YUH? USE BICKMORE INSECT REPELLENT

CAMPERS, Hikers, Isaac Walton, Jr. . . . Don't suffer this summer from mosquitoes, blackflies, no-see-ums, midges, sand fleas, gnats, ticks, chiggers. Why spend miserable hours scratching, itching, burning? Use BICKMORE INSECT REPELLENT—Cream or Liquid. Camping and other outdoor leaders recommend it. Used for years down Maine by Fishermen, Lumberjacks, Guides. Write for 59¢ bottle (liquid) or 8 bottles for \$3.99. Or send 39¢ for can—12 cans for \$3.99. All prices include postage. This popular item goes so fast you must get your Bickmore Insect Repellent NOW.

PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY TO
DEPT. G

THE BICKMORE COMPANY
OLD TOWN, MAINE

500 STAMPS FOR ONLY 10¢

THIS MAMMOTH VALUE INCLUDES STAMPS WORTH UP TO 25¢! ALSO APPROVALS. WRITE TODAY!

MYSTIC STAMP CO., Camden 10, New York

GIVEN! "THE STAMP FINDER"
Tells at a glance the country to which any stamp belongs. 32-pages illustrated. Includes valuable "Stamp Collector's Dictionary." "Stamp Treasures and World's Ten Rarest Stamps." Also Approvals. GARCELON STAMP CO., Box 1107, Calais, Me.

200 BRITISH EMPIRE STAMPS ONLY 10¢!
Norfolk, Tokelau Is., Grahamland, Pakistan, Nepal, big stamp of murdered Mahatma Gandhi, many others.

KENMORE, Milford A-71, N. H.

WOW! 203 All Different GERMANY 10¢
Zeppelins, Semipostals, Airmails, High Values, etc., to new customers. Jamestown Stamp Co., Dept. 522, Jamestown, N.Y.

★ Given! Scott's International Stamp Album plus valuable, colorful collection, hinges, mystery sets, \$5.00 Presidential. Full particulars to approval applicants. 3¢ Postage, please.
RAYMAX, 68-G Nassau St., New York 38, N. Y.

"HOW to Recognize Rare Stamps"

GIVEN—Book containing nearly 200 illustrations PLUS information that every collector should have!

KENMORE, Milford H-71, N. H.

GIVEN! Powerful Magnifying Glass
and Big Bargain Lists to new customers for 5¢ postage and handling.

Jamestown Stamp Co., Dept. 212, Jamestown, N.Y.

WOW! 200 Different Stamps 5¢
including F.D.R. TRIANGLE also SCOTLAND and many more. Only 5¢ to Approval Applicants. BAYLON STAMP CO., Dept. A, THE NOBLE WAY.

25 Beautiful Stamps of GREECE 5c
Premiums with purchases. WINEHOLT STAMP CO. Woodbine 2, Penna.

COLLECT CARTOPHILIC CARDS
New fascinating hobby—Interesting packet containing birds, Butterflies, Aeroplanes, Flowers, Trains and other rare cards—Plus big illustrated catalogue—All for 10¢.
INTERNATIONAL CARTOPHILIC CO.
1152 Yonge St. Dept. AG. Toronto, Canada

307 ALL DIFFERENT 15c
A beautiful collection of commemoratives, triangles, high values, bi-colored stamps, etc. Only 15¢.
GARCELON STAMP CO. Box 407, Calais, Maine

What Are "Approvals"?

"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street, address, City, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

Complexion Hints

by Gina Farley



Just your luck to pop out in "spots" the day of the party! Now don't start to blame your "age"! And don't get downhearted! Blemishes, you know, are often caused by carelessness. See if your luck doesn't change when you change your complexion care.

Discovered! A most sensible plan for girls your age is the easy Noxzema Beauty Routine. It helps keep your skin glowing clean. That's an important step toward lovelier looking skin. See how quickly it helps heal any annoying externally-caused blemishes you may have now.



Whee—how easy! Morning and night, "creamwash" with Noxzema. Smooth it on your face. Then wash it off with a cloth wrung out in warm water. Noxzema actually washes off with water —because it's *greaseless!* And there's no dry, drawn feeling afterwards!

Helps 24 Hours a Day. Always after you "creamwash," smooth on a film of Noxzema to help protect your skin during the day and at night. Pat a little extra Noxzema over any externally-caused blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema does a really grand job fast. It's *medicated.*



Remember: Get this many-purpose beauty cream today. Let *medicated* Noxzema soothe soreness of red, rough hands. Use it to help elbows and ankles look smooth and pretty! It's *greaseless* — doesn't stain. Get Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic counter; 40¢, 60¢, or \$1.00 plus tax.

Jokes

PATRIOTIC PITY

A London butcher put this sign in his shopwindow:

**WE MAKE SAUSAGES FOR
QUEEN ELIZABETH II**

His rival across the street put an even larger sign in his window:

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Sent by BARBARA DIVINSKY, Chicago, Illinois

SELF-PROPELLED

The mess sergeant handed Private Jones a knife and a hundred-pound sack of potatoes.

"I thought," remarked the recruit, "that the Army had potato-peeling machines."

"It has," the sergeant grinned, "and you're the latest model."

Sent by ROBERT WALDECK, Clinton, Connecticut

GOOD ADVICE

Warning at a dangerous intersection:
CROSS ROAD—BETTER HUMOR IT.

Sent by BEATRICE VORDERBRUGGEN, Bagley, Minnesota

COMPETITORS

MANAGER: Ever been to the zoo?

OFFICE BOY: No, sir.

MANAGER: You should go. You'd enjoy seeing the turtles zip by.

Sent by SANDRA ELANA KIRKNESS, Belmont, Massachusetts

EVEN-STEPHEN

JOE: The same tornado that blew away my father's wagon dumped an automobile in our yard.

LOU: That was no tornado. That was a trade wind.

Sent by JOSEPH LAVERNE OGI, St. Joseph, Missouri

HOW TRUE!

TERRY: What did the baldheaded man say when he received a comb for his birthday?

MONA: What?

TERRY: I'll never part with it.

Sent by DIANNE AYOITE, Detroit, Michigan

PASSING THE BUCK

MAN (on telephone): I'd like to put through a call to Damariscotta, Maine.

OPERATOR: How do you spell it, please?

MAN: Look, lady, if I could spell it, I'd write.

Sent by KATHLEEN PFISTER, Lemon Grove, California

SETTLE FOR A BALE OF HAY?

DAN: What did the elephant say when he left the circus?

DORA: I give up. What?

DAN: I'm tired of working for peanuts.

Sent by JUDITH KOTYK, Chisholm, Minnesota

THE GREAT DIVIDE

BOB: What's the Mason-Dixon Line?

LINDA: It's the division between "you-all" and "youse."

Sent by JUDY PRUYN, New York, New York

MINUS NOTHING

While a mother was bathing her baby, a neighbor's little girl came in, holding a doll that had lost an arm and a leg.

The little girl watched the bathing with great interest. Finally she asked, "How long have you had your baby?"

"Three months," answered the mother. "My!" exclaimed the little girl. "You've certainly kept her nice!"

Sent by THERESA CASPER, Logansport, Indiana

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

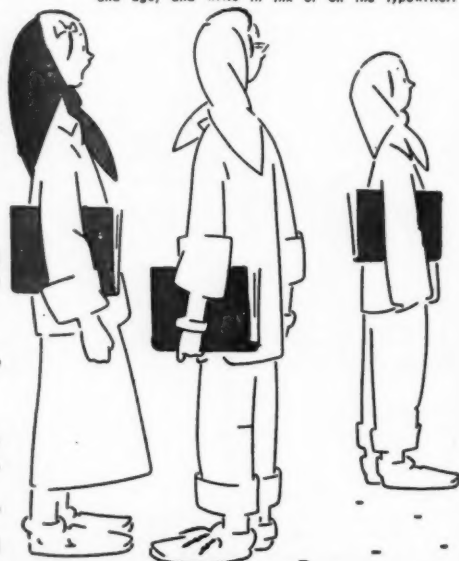
ANNE: I wish I'd lived a thousand years ago.

KATHY: Why, for goodness sakes?

ANNE: Think of all the history I wouldn't have had to learn.

Sent by NANCY STRAUB, Dearborn, Michigan

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"Poor Judy! Nobody likes her . . . since she won the popularity contest."



Now, for the first time,
you can make an authentic

CHIQUITA BANANA COSTUME

BUTTERICK PATTERN No. 5971
CHILDREN'S SIZES 2 TO 8
MISSSES' SIZES 10 TO 20
EACH PATTERN 50¢

Wouldn't you like to wear Chiquita's gay costume at the next party? You can! It's easy to make with this simple Butterick pattern. Just follow the simplified directions and you'll have a costume that you'll love to wear.



Get your Chiquita pattern today at your favorite pattern counter.

Remember, if you make the costume yourself, you can use it as one of the projects to help you earn your SEWING BADGE.





use MERCUROCHROME for first aid

Do not neglect wounds, however small; even scratches and small cuts may become infected if they are not properly treated.

'Mercurochrome' (H. W. & D. brand of merbromin, dibromoxymercurifluorescein-sodium) is one of the best antiseptics for first aid use. It is accepted by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association for this purpose.

The 2% aqueous solution does not sting and can be applied safely to small wounds. Children do not hesitate to report their injuries promptly when 'Mercurochrome' is the household antiseptic, because they know that they will not be hurt. Other advantages are that solutions keep indefinitely and the color shows just where it has been applied.

Doctors have used 'Mercurochrome' for more than 28 years.

Keep a bottle of 'Mercurochrome' handy for the first aid care of all minor wounds. Do not fail to call a physician in more serious cases.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**HYNSON, WESTCOTT
& DUNNING, INC.**
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

